

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

From the Book of Beauty.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

She holds the letter in her eager hands,
'Tis from the absent one—most loved—most dear—
Yet statue-like and motionless she stands,
Nor dares to seek her fate—she looks in fear
On the mute herald ready to bestow
The tidings of her weal, or of her woe!

Perchance, that long-wished record may contain
The chilling courtesies of studied art,
Or speak in friendship's calm and tranquil strain,
Mocking the feelings of her fervent heart,
Perchance, O! thought of bliss! it may discover
The hopes—the fears—the wishes of a lover!

See, she unfolds the page, and trembling reads—
From her dark eye one tear of feeling gushes,
The sudden sun-beam of a smile succeeds,
And now a radiant hope of burning blushes
Overshades her cheek and brow—her doubts are past,
Love crowns her truth and tenderness at last.

Fain would she silent sit, and meditate
O'er her new bliss through evening's placid hours,
But gay assembled guests her presence wait,
And she must braid her ebon hair with flowers,
And join the throng—with hurried step she flies,
Her soul's sweet triumph sparkling in her eyes.

Within the gathered folds of snowy gauze,
That veil her bosom, rests the magic scroll,
And those who greet her entrance with applause,
Guess not the talisman whose dear control
Teaches each look, each accent, to express
The thrilling scene of new found happiness.

She wakes her lute's soft harmony, and sings—
Oh! once her very songs appeared a token
Of her deep grief, and she would touch the strings
To tales of hapless love, and fond hearts broken:
But now her lays are all of hope and youth,
Of joyous ecstacy, and changeless truth.

Her guests depart. The moon-beams clear and bright,
O'er her still chamber cast their radiance even,
And kneeling in the pale and silvery light,
She breathes her grateful orisons to Heaven,
Then seeks her couch, O! may repose impart
Fair visions to her young and happy heart.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

PUNCTUATION.—There was a book used by the learners in reading, called "Dialogues between a Missionary and an Indian." The boy used to appear with his book in his hand, in the middle of the school, the master standing behind him. The lesson was to begin. Poor —, whose great fault lay in a deep-toned drawl of his syllables and the omission of his stops, stood half-looking at the book, and half-casting his eye towards the right of him, whence the blows were to proceed. The master looked over him; and his hand was ready. I am not exact in my quotation at this distance of time; but the spirit of one of the passages that I recollect, was to the following purport, and thus did the teacher and his pupil proceed. Master: "Now, young man, have a care; or I'll set you a scolding task." (A common phrase of his.)—Pupil: (Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering his stop at the word Missionary.) "Missionary Can you see the wind?"—(Master gives him a slap on the cheek.)—Pupil: (Raising his voice to a cry, still forgetting his stop.) "Indian No!"—Master: "Young man! have a care how you provoke me."—Pupil: (Always forgetting the stop.) "Missionary How then do you know that there is such a thing?"—Pupil: (With a shout of agony.) "Indian Because I feel it."—Leigh Hunt's "Recollections."

THE SPANISH FAN.—A Spanish lady, with her fan, might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of the bird of Juno; now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now in the midst of a very tornado she closes it with a whirl which makes you start.—Magical instrument! In this land it speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits, or its most unreasonable demands, than this delicate machine. Yet we should remember that here, as in the north, it is not confined to the delightful sex. The cavalier also has his fan, and that the habit may not be considered an indication of effeminacy, learn that, in this scorching clime, the soldier will not mount guard without this solace.—Contarini Fleming.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lustrous Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heav'n: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook,
He has his Winter too, of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forget his mortal nature.

John Keats.

THE LILY OF THE FIELD.—Various are the plants that have been pointed out by different botanical writers for the one mentioned in the sacred writings as "The Lily of the Field." But it is now generally believed that the allusion was not to any flower which we now call a lily, but to the splendid *amaryllis lutea*, a liliaceous plant, with which the fields of Palestine in the autumn are said profusely to glitter—many specimens of which daily unfold their golden petals to the genial warmth of the sun in the borders of our botanic gardens.

THOMSON.—He was an ungraceful letter writer, but his simplicity of manner and expression is sometimes very pleasing. We wish he had occasionally carried more of this quality into his poetry. His pictures of scenery and natural objects are commonly vivid and beautifully true, but they are often injured by a pomp of language and exaggeration of imagery. He not unfrequently exchanged the wild-flower band of his muse for a golden girdle, which ill-assorted with the graceful negligence of her attire. Poetry, purely descriptive, is not entitled to a very distinguished rank. It requires little imagination and no invention. The beauty of the pictures of scenery in the Seasons consist in their truth. The sound of the cataract, and the whispering of the summer waves, and the singing of the birds, all live in the verse, every word seems to be imbued with a particular colour. Thomson is the Claude of poetry.—Monthly Mag.

LOVE.

Say, what is love? a fond day dream,
Where nothing is, but all things seem:
Where souls in tender trances lie,
And passion feeds upon the eye.

A thought now soothes, and now alarms;
A sigh, a tear, a folly charms;
Why, Reason, why the slumber break!
Ah, spare the agony to wake!

Miss Sophia Lee.

NATIONAL DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN.—If a man was employed to count the national debt, supposing he reckoned 100 pieces every minute for 12 hours a day, it would take him 30 years to count it in silver—and 14,400 years to count it in copper.

In shillings placed in a line it would reach ten times round the earth, or once to the moon (240,800 miles). Its weight in gold is 5625 tons—in silver, 80,000 tons—in copper, 21,400,000 tons.

It would take 100 barges, 56 tons burden each, to carry it in gold—1600 barges to carry it in silver—or 282,000 barges to carry it in copper—these would reach 5,000 miles placed close to one another. To carry it in copper, it would take upwards of 21,000,000

carts, each carrying one ton—in silver, to carry it nearly 80,000 carts—in gold, 5,625 carts.—Entertaining Press.

STYLE IN COMPOSITION.—Every subject has a style suitable to it. The majestic periods of Gibbon would be wholly out of place in a familiar letter; let the language come warm from the heart, and the head will always do it justice. But the unstudied eloquence of the epistolary style would be improper for history; which requires that the reflections should be well weighed, because the value of history depends on the truth and clearness of the reasoning, whereas the great charm of letter-writing is sincerity, and sincerity does not require much expense of thought; all attempts at pointed and brilliant expression serve only to throw a doubt upon it.—Royal Lady's Mag.

THE SEA.

Old Ocean was,
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence; and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throbs
In human hearts, death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds;
But long as man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea!

T. Campbell.

COTTON.—That the ladies of ancient Rome wore muslin dresses, is taken for granted by a learned German antiquary, on the authority of Horace, (Sat. l. ii. 101); and certainly, if the isle of Cos, to which the poet in that passage alludes, had acquired note, in the Augustan age, for the fineness of its cotton, from plants which Egypt might have supplied at a much earlier period, it may fairly be allowed the honour of having given the current name to a material which the Germans persist in designating by the more significant, though homely, appellation of *tree-wool*. The above etymology, in regard to its local reference, may claim equal rank, or, at least, may deserve comparison with that of Skinner, which has been implicitly adopted by Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.—As I was taking a walk down Broadway a few days ago, in what is now the lower part of the city, (although in my time it was nearer the upper), I could not help exclaiming, "*Eheu fugaces labuntur anni*." How well can I remember when the old Oswego market stood directly opposite Maiden-lane; when Broad-street was fashionable, and Broadway stages were unknown; when you were not run over, either by carts, or people of colour; when, instead of meeting a lottery office at every corner, you bought tickets at the house of the Dutch Dominie, and the proceeds were devoted to the necessities of the church; when brokers were few, and broken merchants fewer; when evening parties were parties of pleasure, not squeezes; when black satin brace (I believe the word does not admit of a translation) were in fashion; and when the good society of this city, consisted of men of cultivated intellect, and ladies of grace and beauty. I do not wish to make an invidious comparison, at the expense of the talent of the present day; but it strikes me, that the knowledge of young men now is so various, that it cannot well be profound. A young man is required to be acquainted with every branch of science, from cookery, chemistry, and conchology, to law, logic and theology. Formerly, the young looked to their elders for advice, now, the old must obtain information from the young.

Perhaps, however, the increase of mental activity and expansion, may be a wise ordination of Providence, to enable the mind to keep pace with the extraordinary increase of facilities, in this age of mechanical invention; since my old friend Fulton bro't the steam engine into use, it appears to be necessary that the mind should perform its evolutions with more rapidity than formerly, or else it would fall behind the body. When I go to Albany now, I am always confused and astonished, both with the rapidity of my voyage, and the constant change in the character of the scenery on the beautiful Hudson. The old

Dutch appearance of its banks has almost faded away, and although I must admit the beauty of the gentlemen's country seats, (or villas as they call them now,) peeping through the trees that surround them, yet a shade of melancholy crosses my mind, when I recollect that they occupy the sites once possessed by the high roofed houses of my worthy friends, the descendants of the Hollanders, whose domiciles seemed as unchangeable as their manners.

Another, and a yet more extraordinary change has struck me in the manners of my young friends of the present day. I allude to the method of making love. Now, a young man meets a lady at a party; dances with her; visits her for a week or two; pops the question without fear or trembling, and if he is rejected, exclaims with the Frenchman, "*fortune de guerre*," and the next night looks out for some fair one less difficult to win. If, on the contrary, he is accepted, the next day she takes his arm, (not his hand) and when it suits their convenience, the matter is explained to the passive parents; they are married before a few friends; run away for a week or so; receive the attentions of the fashionable world for nine or ten days after their return; and—the whole affair is forgotten!

How different from the times of my youth! How well do I remember, when I sighed over the hand of the beautiful Maria; that snowy white hand, so clear, that the light of the moon might have shone through it! When I stole her fairy slipper, to be used as a goblet when I toasted her at the festal board, in the warm juice of the sunny, south side Madeira; when I exchanged shots with a valued friend, for not allowing her to be the most beautiful and bewitching of all the daughters of Eve. How well do I recollect, the evenings I have watched beneath her window, as though I were her guardian spirit! How many a ditty did I not pen upon her beauty! and how many a sigh did I not breathe, when I thought of the slight chance I had, of ever securing one possessed of such peerless charms! And, after obtaining permission from her parents to address her, how well do I recollect the "*Histerica passio*" of Lear, when she spoke those words that made me a bachelor for life! That sensation I have felt but once since; it was at Miss Kemble's affecting representation of Juliet, and that brought back to my mind the agony of the evening that put an end to my hopes; and now I see around her, her grandchildren, ripening into manhood and womanhood; joyous as their respected parent was, in those days of gladness, when she knew nothing of the sorrows of this world, except from report; when her bright and beaming looks shed happiness on all around her. And often, even now, do her young and happy family laugh at the antiquated gallantry of their grandmother's beau, when I pay my Sunday afternoon's visit to my old flame, or call upon new-year's day to claim my annual salute. And time has laid its withering hand more lightly on her, than I fear me it will on her numerous descendants. Though many winters have passed over her head, her faculties are yet unimpaired; and I trust many more will find her in her comfortable arm chair, loving and beloved in the midst of her happy family.—N. Y. Standard.

REMONSTRATING.—A worthy farmer in the north of England was once waited upon by a tax-gatherer, who claimed taxes which had been already paid. The receipt had been mislaid, and the farmer could not on the instant produce it. The man of taxes became very abusive; and the farmer, in his own phrase, remonstrated with him. "Well, and to what effect did you remonstrate with him?" asked a friend, who heard the story from the farmer's own mouth. "I don't know," was the reply, "but I know the poker was bent, and I had to get a hammer to straighten it again."—Chamber's Scottish Jests.

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.—Whether the sum of human happiness has increased during the last forty years, is a question which each will determine conformably to number one; but, that the average duration of human life has expanded, is a comfort placed beyond all doubt by the Parisian Board of Longitude, in their annual report for the present year. They state that in 1789 it was 28 years and 9 months; but that in 1831 it had risen to 31 years and six months.—Imp. Mag.

MISCELLANY.

OLD ROSY POSY.

A SCHOOLBOY RECOLLECTION.

Have you ever been in the valley of the Connecticut? If not, you have missed a pleasant path in your travels; and let me, as a friend, advise you, if you ever go East again in the summer season, to eschew the heat of the cities, the crowd of the springs, and with a light heart and plain suit of homespun, to stroll, at leisure, along the bank of the great river of New England. You will not find the richness of the South, nor the immensity of the West, in that quiet region; but as you loiter in the shade of the queenly elms, or climbing the hill-side, look down upon the mingled green and gold of the meadows—the blue river creeping lazily through the midst, and see beyond them, the spire of some village church peeping over the trees, with a neighborly chimney or two, and in the distance the dim and misty mountains,—the whole reposing in such a million-like stillness, you will feel that there is other and better beauty in the world, than that of Castle Garden, or the piazza of Congress Hall.

In one of the little villages that vegetate upon the banks of this peaceful stream, I lived—some ten years since—a well-whipped schoolboy. I knew, in common with all my fellows, every apple, pear and plum-tree, in the township; and as long as we had thus much geography, we cared but little whether Astrakhan were on the Caspian sea or the Baltic. Now, of all the orchards within our jurisdiction, there was none so excellent as that of an ancient negro, familiarly known as old Rosy Posy. Not a man in the parish could show such magnificent greenings, such luscious pippins, such partly-colored and mammoth Baldwins; and as for pears, you might go for ten miles round, and not find such a St. Michael's as the one that stood just beyond Rosy's smoke-house, at the corner of the onion-bed; I remember the flavor of its fruit to this day. But all these riches were sacred in our eyes; not the veriest thief of us all, would have robbed that old negro. We would peep, at times, over the fence, and catch a nose-ful of fragrance—but the omnipotence of shame prevented all invasion into that respected domain. For the industry, kindness and entertaining stories of the old man, had procured for him universal respect and esteem. He was born in St. Domingo, a slave. His master, with a heart as hard as twenty years tanning of the inner man with rum and pepper could make it, ordained Rosy to be his body servant; to brush off the flies and serve as a conducting rod to convey his anger safely to the earth. Rosy's youth soon passed, between blows and caresses, smiles and tears; and manhood found him in the same routine. At last came the insurrection of '91. Monsieur le Brute laughed the idea of negro supremacy to scorn, and would take no steps to secure his property, nor even his person. Nearer and nearer came the horrors of rebellion; messenger followed messenger begging for assistance—they begged in vain. Day melted into evening, and evening into night—

And such a night! Oh rum, and blood, and plunder! ye are wondrous strong!

The planter watched the strange clouds that drove from the southeast at sunset, and muttered oaths of fearful retribution; and as evening settled down, the glare of the fires became visible, as the insurgents lit up pile after pile of the dried cane, which is used to feed the furnaces. Now the blaze would shoot up in one single unbroken spire—and then would sink, and wave to and fro, as it were banners waving in triumph.

The horses and mules that had been loosed, came hurrying by in droves; at times, one would stop, and with head erect, and wide-stretched nostrils, and trembling limbs, would gaze back for a moment at the strange scene, and then dart away with new speed. The roar of the ocean upon the beach below, seemed deeper than usual, and the scream of the seabirds louder. There was a vessel just visible far off in the horizon, and in the bay below, the planter's little schooner rocked quietly at her anchor. To that schooner, he found, at last, he must retreat; and Rosy and two overseers went with him. They put off to reach, if possible, the vessel they had seen in the distance. They succeeded; but not before the torch had done its work with the planter's house, and the accumulated wealth of fifty years, was lost amid a heap of ashes.

The vessel they reached was bound to Charleston, and to that port accordingly they went. The first act of the christian master, after getting on board, had been to sell the slave that had stood by him to the last, and remained with him rather than join his triumphant fellows—to sell this simple, faithful follower to the captain. When Rosy was made acquainted with this bargain, he turned the matter over his mind, and determined to run away; for, upon his ethical creed, though he was bound to stick to his natural master through all trials, and under any treatment, he owed no allegiance to a stranger. He made the trial, and escaped in safety. If I were to follow the varying fortunes of my black friend, during the next twenty years, I should be forced to write the usual two duodecimo volumes, as he, in that time, wandered over most of the world—tried many lives and many lands—

Mid cliffs of ice, mid burning sands did stray;
Sickled, laughed, smiled, roamed, fought, bled, and ran away.

At length the time had come, he thought, to give up adventure; and so taking his wife and household gods, who had hitherto lived in Boston, he emigrated to the valley of the Connecticut. There was something in the eternal Sabbath that seemed to reign there, truly refreshing, after the hum of business, and

the roar of the ocean, and the passionate voice of man—refreshing even to a negro; for, say what they will of the race, some individual negroes are clearly human beings.

The chief instinct of Rosy, as it developed itself in his new situation, was cleanliness. No cottage was so neat, within and without; no garden so well weeded. On Sunday, as he walked with innate dignity along the main street of the village, to church, his helpmate by his side, and his unnumbered offspring two and two behind, the stranger would stop to muse upon the unequalled tidiness of the blue coat, the well-brushed hat; the unrolled calico of the wife, and the spotless white of the dimity frock, that served as a foil to the jet black of the unequalled Lizzy—unequalled in plumcake and spruce-beer. It was a sight to rejoice the heart of the true philanthropist. There was, perhaps, a little vanity in the long steel chain, and big brass seal; and it may be, a little weakness might be argued from the prominent place that was given to the gilt and double-gilt edition of Watts' Psalms. But he that could stop to laugh at these things, while he might admire the independence, the true humility, and at the same time, the self-respect that shone in every countenance, and impressed every footfall, from that of father and leader, down to that of the little pee-wee fellow who strode along with open mouth and big rolling eye, instinct with wonder—should forfeit the name of humanity.

But would you see Rosy in his true glory, go to the tavern of a winter evening. There he sat upon his high stool, his horny palms spread out towards the fire, his wrinkled physiognomy lit up with mirth and roguery combined, pouring forth the fruits of his experience, with a voluble tongue, to the circle of awe-struck listeners. His tales were ever of the same material; he talked

Of battles, sieges, fortunes,
Of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breath 'scapes; 'till 'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery. Of desert's wild;
Of quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven.
And of the cannibals that each other eat;
The anthropophagi, and men whose Heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

And still, though ever the same, his stories, like the forms of the magical kaleidoscope, were ever changing—ever enchanting. Indeed Rosy's great fault was too slight a respect for truth, in historical narrative. His ambition, like Napoleon's, was to astonish and dazzle by unexpected combinations; and well did he succeed; for as he talked, the woodman forgot that the snow was deepening every moment, and he a good half-mile to go with his load too; and the cooper neglected his wife's caution; the printer his cold; and the carpenter his lame foot. What cared they for the winter and its woes—they were sailing with Rosy by some tropical island, in sight of the pine apple and the orange; or quaking with him in expectation of the engagement; or shouting with him in victory, amid the smoke of cannon, upon the deck slippery with human blood. Even Mrs. Mellon, our landlady, though she had watched the phases of that countenance and those tales, for years, would listen more and more earnestly at the plot developed—dropping stitch after stitch, as gun followed gun, and shout answered to shout, until the hands ceased their mechanical motion, and the whole Mellon became centered in the eye and ear.

Or go out with Rosy at midsummer—take your angle and go out with him to the river-side. Watch the knowing gravity with which he skims his minnow over the water weeds, for the shark-like pickerel—note the sharp tone of his "boderation!" as the rascal bears off the bait with a thought-like dart, and leaves the hook in naked deformity; and note too, the broad grin and low "ha! ha!" of triumph, as the slimy and shovel-nosed monster is drawn a victim to the shore. Or sit quietly with the old man, under the shadow of the alder-bushes, where the stream rushes and leaps along, scooping out here and there a deep hole by the root of the overhanging buttonwood,* in which the eddies love to play—sit there with him, and he will teach you the pleasant art by which to take the spotted trout. Or, of a clear winter day, he will take you down to the meadow lands, and show you how to set your trap for the musquash, the little beaver of New England. Or, would you capture a wood-chuck, or ensnare a partridge or two, or catch a flying squirrel for your city friends—go to Rosy; he will do any thing of the kind for you. But what do I say? he will—no, I mean he would; but he is gone now, poor man.

For two years, I lived in admiration of the old negro's industry, sobriety and intelligence—for two years, I knew him as a man that owed no debts, and asked no favors; his rent was always paid on the quarter-day, and he had not a bill in the village. Was a shingle started in the roof—Rosy was a carpenter, and needed nothing but a nail or two; did the brick back-log of his kitchen get beat and burnt to pieces—Rosy was a mason, and all was put to rights again. At last, the time drew nigh, when I should leave this pleasant place; and though there was a dash of fear with my hope, yet hope to a boy is instinctive, and could not but prevail.

Just before the vacation, Rosy's eldest daughter, Miss Lizzy was married to Sam Tash, a black servant of Dr. Ritton's, and we were all invited to the wedding supper.

Such a roasting of turkeys as there was that night! such a baking of pumpkin-pies! such oceans of pan-

* Or sycamore; it is called buttonwood in New England.

dourdy,† with here and there a transverse layer of crust! such outpourings of cider and beer, with a bottle or two of Rosy's own currant-wine, that might have tempted an emperor! In one corner were gathered the little Posies, grinning and giggling to the top of their bent. In the other, stood the bride and her groom,—she in spotless white, with a blue ribbon about her waist; and he in his new blue with yellow buttons, his starched and sublime-figured muslin cravat, and pumps in which unnumbered faces smiled, and over which forms were ever flitting. Rosy himself stood by the door; his wife sat in a quiet and dignified felicity by the great fireplace. Kitchen, and dining-hall, and ball-room, were that night synonymous. We eat, we drank, we laughed, we shouted, we listened to a tale, from the old hero, fresh from the mint, and revelled in pleasures, sensual and intellectual. At last, the eldest of us called for a toast, from Rosy. The old man smiled and shook his head, and shook his head and smiled, in vain; we would have it. "Silence," shouted Bill Ward; and in an instant all was hushed. "Fill your glasses," they were filled. "Well," said Rosy, "if I mus, I mus; dat's all. Here, den!"—and the old man hesitated; there was no sound; but for the roar of the fire up the broad chimney, it seemed as though you might have heard a butterfly breathe—"here den"—to the slave-trader; he had de 'scuse of a color, but he had not de color of a 'scuse." The rafters trembled with the shout that followed Rosy's toast; we drank it to the dregs. I can see the old man's placid face now, as he sank back fairly overcome with his exertion, and tickled beyond measure with its success.

To the supper succeeded a dance; and Rosy, who was unequalled on the fiddle, played for us till we could scarce move to the tune. It was ten o'clock; one by one, we dropped off, with a shake of the hand with the old, and a bow to the new couple. "Long time I member dis," said Rosy to me, as I was going; "I tink dis night mos make de grey hair black again." I bade the old man good-bye, with an unfeigned hope for his happiness.

But time is no respecter of persons, and even the memory of that night could not make 'de gray hair black again'; and when, a few years after, I returned to the home of my boyhood, and wandered up the green lane that led to the oak grove, where we used to play crowns for May-day, I found the old cottage still there, with an unperspectible sign of cake and beer; but the letters were dim and weather-beaten; and there was a brick or two gone from the chimney top, and weeds were growing up high in the garden paths. I knew all could not be right, and so I stepped in to see the good wife, and take a glass of her spruce. All was as of old, save that the nets and fishing poles were gone from their former stand, and the picture of General Washington, at the end of the room, was covered with crape. It was as I suspected; the old man was dead. I walked down to the graveyard and hunted up his grave; it stood in a corner apart from those of his whiter brethren. There was a slatestone at the head of the mound, and round it, the grass had grown up thick and tall. I bent down and put it aside to read the inscription, and as I did so, I think a tear trickled down my cheek. His epitaph was as simple as had been his character. It was a single line of the poet's—

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Western Monthly Mag.

* Or apple-slump; a mysterious dish of Yankee land, apparently made in imitation of the chaotic state of the world, after the outer crust thereof had been broken up, and the waters covered the face of nature.

PRIMOGENITURE.

The "Peter Pindaric" annexed is one example of the favourite method of the day, of educing the point or precept to be enforced from the most unpromising or incongruous sources or connexions. It has its advantages.

I am a moral-seeker. Never squire,
Of poacher the abhorrence, ever follow'd
Flying or running game
With half that name
Eagerness, activity, and fire;
Or halloo'd
After a chase, mounted on bay or sorrel,
As I do, for a moral.
A moral!—how I love it!
So much, indeed, that I have sometimes bought one;
Judge of my rapture when I think I've caught one,
(So blest my fate is),
Gratis,
Not on the house-top, but some feet above it.

The morn was cool, as one is to a friend
No longer wanted, who may make a nail;
And gloomy, too, as when the dark brows bend
Of the check'd wife, the gloomiest thing of all;
The hour was seven,
When 'st two wights in black were slowly making
Through the road narrow and foul, with much pansteking
Their way towards Heaven.

Two bishops, perhaps, you'll say?
No. Two prebendaries?—Nay.
A rich rector, then—with some round dean?
Two goodly vicars? No. May be a curate
With his lank clerk, most probably you mean;
For, being poor, they travel at a sure rate
Towards Heaven's gates? I tell you, No, no, no.
A blighted harvest all your guessing reaps;

Those two that travell'd heavenward sure and slow,
Those two in sable, were two sable sweeps.
Soon two contiguous chimney-stacks,
That did in marriage only join their backs,
Displaying a beauteous progeny of red
Pots, hoisted of giving to the light
These dingy brethren of the brush. Each head
At once protrudes, with sooty honours dight;
Those heads are shaken with a merry grin,
Showing within
Two rows of glittering teeth, all pearly white.

Talk of romance, of mountain, and of grove
For sacred converse meet!

Fudge!

Two lofty chimneys in a lofty street,
Far, far above the mean and vulgar drove;
Each palpitating bosom be my judge,
Will, for seclusion, every station bent.

In mid-air thus, the sultry world
Beneath their feet and notice, grovelling lay,
Around their heads the mists of morning curl'd,
When thus spoke Dick, "Vy, Vill, my boy, I say,

Thus here doined flue

Is so curs'd narrow, zig-zag'd in and out—
It ain't a chimney, but a smoking spout;

"T has pinch'd me so,

That well I know,

To-morrow I shall look quite black and blue,

Pray, how are you?"

"Vy, very well in health, but somewhat pale—

Indeed, I think, I'm almost looking white,

And that, indeed, would be a pretty tale,

For ye all meets our candidates to-night;

And I'm in mortal hurry,

For I'm to serve him with a category,

To see if he won't slip

About this primo-geniture-ship;

For Dick, you knows, all things should be in keeping,

And ven ve makes reform, it vill be sweeping.

But Dick, I'm blest, but myself scarcely knows

What ship this primo-geniture-ship may be—

Doesn't think she sails with any wind that blows,

Yet is it, Dick, if you knows better nor me?"

Dick shakes the soot from off his eyes,

Looks wise,

And thus replies:

"As sure as guns!

It does away vith eldest sons,

And ven the old un dies

All share and share alike."

Roar'd Bill, "By gosh, I'll strike!"

Yet! share the cellar! share the scupper, brushes!

The soot, and all the bags! Vy, my blood rushes

To think upon it only! Smoke me, smother,

When next I climb a chimney that is varia,

But I'll keep all the bags;—such reform!

For I am, Dick, of twelve, the eldest brother!"

Moral.

Community of goods is only sought

By those who've little, or by those who've nought.

(Metropoli.)

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.

We make the following extract from an article, by W. C. Redfield, Esq., relating to American Steamboats, contained in the last number of the Journal of Science.

"It has been frequently remarked that the exposure to fatal accidents on board of steam boats, is much less than attends the use of the ordinary means of conveyance, either by land or water, and it has been suggested, that the average loss of life by steam boat explosions, is even less than is annually occasioned by lightning. In order to test the accuracy of this suggestion, I have noted during the present year, such accidents by lightning, as were attended with fatal results, so far as the same have come to my knowledge. The whole number of cases thus ascertained is twenty-six, which were distributed as follows. In New Hampshire, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Rhode Island, 1; Connecticut, 2; New York, 7; Pennsylvania, 5; Delaware, 3; Virginia, 1; South Carolina, 2; Louisiana, 2, and Illinois, 1. It is hardly to be supposed that this statement comprises one moiety of the whole number of fatal casualties of this kind, which have occurred in the United States during the past year, and it comprises but a single accident, in the four great states of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee. In recurring to the list of steam boat accidents which was recently published in this Journal, it will be seen that the entire mortality from this cause, is estimated at three hundred in a period of twenty years, which amounts to an average of fifteen for each year. The loss of lives by the bursting of steam boat boilers during the present year, I have recorded as follows: Steam boat Plough-Boy, on the Mississippi, 1 killed; Ohio, on the Hudson, 5 killed and drowned; Adam Duncan, on the Connecticut, 1 drowned; Connecticut, in Boston harbour, 1 killed; Monticello, on the Mississippi, 2 killed—total, 10. Of this last number, so far as I have been able to ascertain, three were passengers, and the remainder persons who were employed about the engine, showing that the risk to passengers is extremely small.

STEAM VESSELS AND LOCOMOTIVES.

What further improvements in safety, or speed, are yet to be elicited in the art or science of locomotion, time only can shew us. The steamboat, a short time ago, appeared to our view, as the *ne plus ultra* of human effort, but the successful application of steam power on railroads, has already rivalled, if not greatly surpassed, our achievements in steam navigation. It is however probable that the maximum of useful effect has been nearly attained in both these departments, which, when practically considered, will be found auxiliaries, rather than rivals, to each other. The art of obtaining the full power of steam, and of applying it to the purpose of locomotion on a fluid which sustains the load and affords sufficient reaction for the moving power, is now well understood; and in regard to railroads it is doubtless true, that a level metallic surface, not only sustains the vehicle, in the most perfect manner, but affords the least possible resistance with the best possible reaction for the propelling power, and combines, therefore, the greatest conceivable facilities for the transit of persons and property.* Other expectations, which are often en-

* It may be noticed that the power employed for propelling a single steam boat of the first class, is equal to that of fifty locomotive engines of the power of twelve horses each. These would probably be adequate to the conveyance of all the passengers and property now transported upon the Hudson river, if the same were transferred to a level rail way of equal extent.

terained, without due consideration, will doubtless end in disappointment. It is to the establishment and extension of these unequalled means of conveyance, that the enterprise of our growing country should be directed. It has been truly said that the career of improvement in our age, is too impetuous to be stayed, were it wise to attempt it, and "though it be a futile attempt to oppose so mighty an impulse, it may not be unworthy our ambition, to guide its progress, and direct its course."

BRUCE, THE ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

The sketches of Mr. Bruce, and his deportment, which follow, from the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, are contained in letters written at the time, by Miss Frances B. (Mad. d'Arblay,) to Mr. Crisp, a friend of her father.

"Well, now then, my dear Daddy, I have got courage to obey your call for more! more! more! without fear of fatiguing you, for I have seen the great man-mountain, Mr. Bruce; and have been in his high and mighty presence three times; as I shall proceed to tell you in due form and order, and with all the detail you demand.

Meeting the first

took place at the tea-table, at Mrs. Strange, to which my mother, by appointment, had introduced her Lynn friends, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, who were extremely curious to see Mr. Bruce. My dear father was to have escorted us; but that provoking marplot, commonly called Business, came, as usual, in the way, and he could only join us afterwards.

The man-mountain, and Mr. and Mrs. Turner, were already arrived; and no one else was invited, or at least, permitted to enter.

Mr. Bruce, as we found, when he arose—which he was too stately to do at once—was placed on the largest easy chair, but which his vast person covered so completely, back and arms, as well as seat, that he seemed to have been merely placed on a stool, and one was tempted to wonder who had ventured to accommodate him so slightly. He is the tallest man you ever saw in your life—at least gratis. However, he has a very good figure, and is rather handsome; so that there is nothing alarming, or uncomely, or, I was going to say, ungenial—but I don't think that is the word I mean—in his immense and authoritative form.

My mother was introduced to him, and placed by his side; but having made her cold, though civilish bow, he took no further notice even of her being in the room. I, as usual, glided out of the way, and got to Miss Strange, who is agreeable and sensible; and who, seeing me, I suppose, very curious upon the subject, gave me a good deal of information about Man Mountain.

As he is warmly attached to Mrs. Strange and her family, he spends all his disengaged evenings at their house, where, when they are alone, he is not only chatty and easy, but full of comic and dry humour; though, if any company enter, he sternly, or gloutingly, Miss Strange says, shuts up his mouth, and utters not a word—except, perhaps, to her parrot; which, I believe, is a present from himself. Certainly he does not appear more elevated above the common race in his size, than in his ideas of his own consequence. Indeed, I strongly surmise that he is not always without some idea how easy it would be to him—and perhaps how pleasant—in case any one should dare to offend him, to toss a whole company of such pigmies as the rest of mankind must seem to him, pell-mell down stairs,—if not out of the window.

There is some excuse, nevertheless, for this proud shyness, because he is persuaded that nobody comes near him but either to stare at him as a curiosity, or to pick his brains for their own purpose: for, when he has designed to behave to people as if he considered himself as their fellow creature, every word that has been drawn from him has been printed in some newspaper or magazine; which, as he intends to publish his travels himself, is abominably provoking, and seems to have made him suspicious of some dark design, or some invidious trick, when anybody says to him, 'How do you do, Sir?' or, 'Pray, Sir, what's o'clock?'

And, after all, if his nature in itself is as imperious as his person and air are domineering, it is hardly fair to expect that having lived so long among savages should have softened his manners.

Well, when all the placements and so forth, were over, we went to tea. There's an event for you, my dear Sir!

There was, however, no conversation. Mr. Bruce's grand air, gigantic height, and forbidding brow, awed every body into silence, except Mrs. Strange; who, with all her wit and powers, found it heavy work to talk without reply.

But Mr. Turner suffered the most. He is, you know, a very jocular man, and cannot bear to lose his laugh and his bon mot. Yet he durst not venture at either; though he is an accustomed to indulge in both, and very successfully, in the country, that he seemed in blank dismay at finding himself kept in such complete subordination by the fearful magnitude of Mr. Bruce, joined to the terror of his looks.

Mrs. Turner, still less at her ease, because still less used to the company of strangers, attempted not to obtain any sort of notice. Yet, being gay in her nature, she, too, did not much like being placed so

totally in the back ground. But she was so much impressed by the stateliness of this renowned traveller, that I really believe she sat saying her prayers, half the evening, that she might get away from the apartment without some affront.

Pray, have you happened to read a paragraph in the newspapers, importing that Mr. Bruce was dying, or dead? My father, who had seen him alive and well the day before it appeared, cut it out, and wafered it upon a sheet of paper, and sent it to him without comment.

My mother now enquired of Mr. Bruce whether he had seen it?

'Yes,' answered he coolly; 'but they are welcome to say what they please of me. I read my death with great composure.' Then, condescending to turn to me,—though only, I doubt not, to turn away from my elders,—he added: 'Were you not sorry, Miss Burney, to hear that I was dead?'

Finding him thus address himself, and rather courteously, for he really smiled, to so small a personage as your very obedient servant, Mr. Turner, reviving, gathered courage to open his mouth, and, with a put-on air of easy jocularly, ventured to exclaim, with a laugh, 'Well, sir, as times go, I think, when they killed you, it is very well they said no harm of you.'

'I know of no reason they had!' replied Mr. Bruce, in so loud a tone, and with an air of such infinite haughtiness, that poor Mr. Turner, thus repulsed in his first attempt, never dared to again open his lips.

Soon afterwards, a servant came into the room, with General Melville's compliments, and he begged to know of Mrs. Strange whether it was true that Mr. Bruce was so dangerously ill.

'Yes!' cried he, bluffly; 'tell the General I am dead.'

My dear father now arrived; and he and Mr. Bruce talked apart for the rest of the evening, upon the harp and the letter.

But when the carriage was announced, imagine my surprise to see this majestic personage take it into his fancy to address something to me almost in a whisper! bending down, with no small difficulty, his head to a level with mine. What it was I could not hear. Though, perhaps, 'twas some Abyssinian compliment that I could not understand! It's flattery, however, could not have done me much mischief, after Miss Strange's information, that, when he is not disposed to be social with the company at large, he always singles out for notice the youngest female present—except, indeed, a dog, a bird, a cat, or a squirrel, he happily at hand.

As I had no 'retort courteous' ready, he grandly re-erected himself to the fullest extent of his commanding height; setting me down, I doubt not, in his black book, for a tasteless imbecile. Everybody, however, as all his motions engage all attention, looked so curious, that my only gratitude for his condescension was heartily wishing him at one of the mouths of his own famous Nile.

Will you not wish me there too, my dearest Mr. Crisp, for this long detail, without one word of said Nile, and its endless sources? or of Thebes and its hundred gates? or of the two harps of harps that are to decorate the History of Music? But nothing of all this occurred, except it might be in his private confab with my father.

You demanded, however, an account of his manner, his air, and his discourse; and what sort of mode, or fashion, he had brought over from Ethiopia.

And here, so please you, all that is at your feet.

I have only to add, that his smile, though rare, is really graceful and engaging. But his laugh, when his dignity is off its guard, and some sportive or active mischief comes across his ideas—such as the image of his miserly rival, Lord R., dangling from a treacherous rope on his own staircase; or tumbling headlong down,—is a chuckle of delight that shines his face of a bright scarlet, and shakes his whole vast frame with a boyish ecstasy.

But I forgot to mention, that while Mr. Bruce was philandering with little Miss Bell Strange, who, with comic childish dignity, resented his assumed success, he said he believed he had discovered the reason of her shyness: 'Somebody has told you, I suppose, Bell, that when I am taken with a hungry fit in my rambles, I make nothing of seizing on a young bullock, and tying him by the horns to a tree, while I cut myself off a raw beef steak, and regale myself upon it with its own cold gravy? according to my custom in Abyssinia? Perhaps, Bell, you may think a young heifer might do as well? and are afraid you might serve my turn, when my appetite is rather keen, yourself? Eh, Bell?'

'You have accepted Meeting the First with so much indulgence, my dear Crisp, that I am all alertness for presenting you with

Meeting the Second, which took place not long after the First, already recorded in these my elaborate annals.

My father invited Mr. Twining, the great Grecian, to said meeting. What a contrast did he form with Mr. Bruce, the great Ethiopian! I have already described Mr. Twining to you, though very inadequately; for he is so full of merits, it is not easy to find proper phrases for him. There is only our dear Mr. Crisp whom we like and love half as well.

Mr. Twining, with all his excellencies,—and he is reckoned one of the first scholars living; and is now engaged in translating Aristotle—is as modest and unassuming as Mr. Bruce is high and pompous. He came very early, frankly owning, with a sort of piteous shrug, that he really had not bronze to present himself

when the party should be assembled, before so eminent, but tremendous a man, as report painted Mr. Bruce; though he was extremely gratified to nestle himself into a corner, as a private spectator.

Mrs. Strange, with her daughter, arrived next; and told us that his Abyssinian Majesty, as she calls Mr. Bruce, had dined at General Melville's, but would get away as quickly as possible.

We waited tea, in our old-fashioned manner, a full hour; but no Mr. Bruce. So then we—or rather I—made it. And we all united to drink it. There, sir; there's another event for you!

Mr. Twining entreated that we might no longer postpone the concert, and was leading the way to the library, where it was to be held; but just then a thundering rap at the door raised our expectations, and stopt our steps;—and Mr. Bruce was announced.

'He entered the room with the state and dignity of a tragedy giant.

We soon found that something had displeased him, and that he was very much out of humour; and when Mrs. Strange enquired after General Melville, he answered her, with a face all made up of formidable frowns, that the General had invited a most stupid set of people to meet him. He had evidently left the party with disgust. Perhaps they had asked him whether there were any real men and women in Abyssinia, or only bullocks and heifers.

He took his tea in stern silence, without deigning to again open his lips, till it was to demand a private conference with my father. They then went together to the study,—erst Sir Isaac Newton's,—which is within the library.

In passing through the latter, they encountered Mr. Twining, who would hastily have shrunk back; but my father immediately, and with distinction to Mr. Twining, performed the ceremony of introduction. Mr. Bruce gravely bowed, and went on; and he was then shut up with my father at least an hour, in full discussion upon the Theban harp, and the letter for the history.

Mr. Twining returned, softly and on tiptoe, to the drawing-room; and advancing to Mrs. Strange and my mother, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaimed, 'This is the most awful man I ever saw!—I never felt so little in all my life!'

'Well, troth,' said Mrs. Strange, 'never mind! If you were six feet high he would overlook you, and he can do no more now.'

Mr. Twining then, to recover breath, he said, sat down, but declared he was in fear of his life; 'for if Mr. Bruce,' he cried, 'should come in hastily, and not perceiving such a pitiful Lilliputian, should take the chair to be empty—it will soon be over with me! I shall be jammed in a moment—while he will think he is only dropping down upon a cushion!'

As the study confab, seemed to menace duration, Mr. Twining petitioned Mr. Burney to go to the piano-forte; where he fired away in a voluntary with all the astonishing powers of his execution, and all the vigour of his genius.

He might well be animated by such an auditor as Mr. Twining, who cannot be a deeper Grecian than he is a refined musician. How happy is my dear father that the three best, and dearest, and wisest, of his friends, should be three of the most scientific judges of his own art,—Mr. Twining, Mr. Bowley, and Mr. Crisp.

Dear me! how came that last name into my head? I beg your pardon a thousand times. It was quite by accident. A mere slip of the pen.

Mr. Twining, astonished, delighted, uttered the warmest praises, with all his heart; but that fervent effusion over-dropped his voice into its lowest key, to add, with a look full of arch pleasantry, 'Now, is not this better than being tall?'

Mr. Bruce, however, with the Stranges, again consented to stay supper; which, you know, with us, is nothing but a permission to sit over a table for chat, and roast potatoes, or apples.

But now, to perfect your acquaintance with this towering Ethiopian, where do you think he will take you, during supper?

To the source, or sources, you cry, of the Nile? To Thebes? to its temple? to an arrietta on the Theban Harp? or, perhaps, to banqueting on hot raw beef in Abyssinia.

No such thing, my dear Mr. Crisp, no such things. Travellers, who mean to write their travels, are fit for nothing but to represent the gap at your whisk table at Chesington, when you have only three players; for they are mere dummies.

Mr. Bruce left all his exploits, his wanderings, his vanishings, his re-appearances, his harps so celestial, and his bullocks so terrestrial, to plant all our entertainment within a hundred yards of our own coterie; namely, at the masquerades at the Haymarket.

Thus it was. He enquired of Mrs. Strange where he could find Mrs. Twoldham, a lady of his acquaintance; a very fine woman, but remarkably dissipated, whom he wished to see.

'Troth,' Mrs. Strange answered, 'she did not know; but if he would take a turn to a masquerade or two, he would be sure to light upon her, as she never missed one.'

'What,' cried he, laughing, 'has she not had enough yet of masquerades? Brava, Mrs. Twoldham! I honour your spirit.'

He then laughed so cordially, that we were tempted, by such extraordinary good-humour, to beg him, almost in a body, to permit us to partake of his mirth. He complied very gaily. 'A friend of mine,' he cried, 'before I went abroad, had so often been teased to acquire her to some of the medleys, that he thought to give the poor woman a surfeit of them to free him-

self from her future importunity. Yet she was a very handsome woman, very handsome indeed. But just as they were going into the great room, he had got one of her visiting cards ready, and contrived, as they passed through a crowded passage, to pin to the back of her robe, Mrs. Twoldham, Wimpole street. And not three steps had she tript forward, before some one called out—'Hah! Mrs. Twoldham! how do you do, Mrs. Twoldham?'—'Oh, Mrs. Twoldham, are you here?' cried another: 'Well, Ma'am, and how do all friends in Wimpole street do?' till the poor woman was half out of her wits, to know how so many people had discovered her. So she thought that perhaps her forehead was in sight, and she perked up her mask; but she did not the less hear—'Ah! it's you, Mrs. Twoldham, is it?' Then she supposed she had left a peep at her chin, and down again was tugged the poor mask; but still, 'Mrs. Twoldham!' and, 'How do you do, my dear Mrs. Twoldham?' was rung in her ears at every step; till at last she took it into her head that some one, who by chance had detected her, had sent her name round the room; so she hurried off like lightning to the upper suite of apartments. But 'twas all the same. 'Well, I declare, if here is not Mrs. Twoldham!' cries the first person that passed her—'So she is, I protest,' cried another; 'I am very glad to see you, my dear Ma'am! what say you to giving me a little breakfast to-morrow morning? you know where, Mrs. Twoldham; at our old haunt in Wimpole street.' But, at last, the corner of an unlucky table rubbed off the visiting card; and a waiter, who picked it up, grinned from ear to ear, and asked whether it was her's. And the poor woman fell into such a trance of passion, that my friend was afraid for his eyes; and all the more, because, do what he would, he could not abstain from laughing in her face.

'You can scarcely conceive how heartily he laughed himself; he quite chuckled, with all the enjoyment in mischief of a holiday school-boy.

And he harped upon the subject with such facetious pleasure, that no other could be started.

To have looked at Mr. Bruce in his glee at this buffoonery, you must really have been amused; though methinks I see, supposing you had been with us, the picturesque rising of your brow, and all the dignity of your Roman nose, while you would have stared at such familiar delight in an active joke, as to transport into so merry an *espiègle*, the seven-footed loftiness of the haughty and imperious tourist from the sands of the Ethiopia, and the waters of the Abyssinia; whom, nevertheless, I have now the honour to portray in his robe de chambre,—i. e. in private society, to my dear Chesington Daddy.

What says he to the portrait?

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

In days of yore, there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo, a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochanan, who was the most learned of his nation.—His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate and strict; but he had one vice,—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochanan the miser.

None knew, so well as he, the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and, consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform;—but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

'Awake, thou sleeper!' said the voice, 'awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou may'st do time office.'

'The night is dark and gloomy,' said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, 'and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?'

'For thee only, Rabbi Jochanan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochanan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold,' said he, taking out a purse of sequins,—'I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God.'

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

'As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go

*This familiar, but affectionate, appellation, had been given by Dr. Burney, during his own youth, to Mr. Crisp; and was now, by prescription, adopted by the whole of the Doctor's family.

with thee," said he to the man; "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochanan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger, with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see, when it occasionally brightened, that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way; and his heart misgave him."

"Fear not," returned the stranger; "your journey is even now done;" and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thou sportest with the grey hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who insults the hoary head!"

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochanan looked upon their faces—they were the faces of men painted within; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin (Demons). He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and, behold! he saw upon him too, the mark that showed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent; and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochanan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber;" and accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes," said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochanan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly, as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochanan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said:—

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

"I do," said he, with a groan; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond—"know then further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he has sinned before the Lord. What my sin has been imports not to thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—even lost as I am lost!" And she wept again.

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground; and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me. Who art thou, woman, that speaketh to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a Doctor of Laws, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou saw, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy flame which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now, my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me, whom he has ruined, with a love of despair. So he said the name of Jochanan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew you would not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself."

"I swear, before Heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked stedfastly according to the tradition of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that? O lady of beauty?" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward, while here; and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying:—

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon; "I will not that thou shouldst break thy vow;" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping, and praying to the Lord, that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said:—

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my lord," said Jochanan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon; "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow;" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said:—

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungared. It was a sore vow of thine;" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochanan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered:—

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so then," said the other; "arise, and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochanan saw that it was of solid silver, floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi," said the Demon—"take of these what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole."

"I cannot, my lord," said Jochanan. "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the Prince of the Mazikin; and Jochanan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pillars of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins, which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochanan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch.—But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the Demon; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest, would make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Jochanan refused again; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noonday sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond number, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever

living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me, then, I perceive, O Jochanan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt you to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Had been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy careless grief more grievous?—You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochanan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochanan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey; and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi; "them will I take, if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand—"thou mayest depart. But, Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochanan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so; and, in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence; and the blessings showered upon him by all, were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said, "Is not this man the man who was called Rabbi Jochanan the miser? What hath made the change?"—And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year, according to the lesser supputation, five hundred, ninety, and seven, that thou mayest learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1833.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN.

The culture of flowers has ever been considered one of the most elegant pleasures. It is also one of the most grateful to our feelings, for each succeeding month puts forth some fresh blossom in return for the care bestowed. Even the rigid month of January is partially enlivened by the flowers of the gay laurustinus.

The allusions of the poets to flowers, constitute some of their happiest illustrations. Indeed, no man can be truly a poet unless he has been a close observer of nature. The rose, the cowslip, the golden king-cup, the violet, the "pied daisy," or as it should be written, "day's-eye," have each embellished the philosophy of Shakespeare; and nearly all the poetic writers of our day, have, in succession, discovered some new beauty in the gay domain of flowers, from the rose and purple violet, to the delicate acacia, or the circling clematis—fair emblem of still fairer woman!

In our experience of life—and we have had our portion of its cares—we know of no relief so gratifying to a wearied spirit as that which a flower garden

affords; and when circumstances have permitted us to leave musty folios, and dry, dull tomes, we have felt ourselves invigorated by a stroll amid parterres brilliant with the beauty of the dahlia, that king of flowers! and in our admiration of the rich variety of nature, we have exclaimed, while walking beneath the proud magnolias, "Being here, I am a man again!"

Perhaps—for we are poetic in our feelings,—this pleasure may arise from our associating female beauty with flowers; with us Marian is ever "our lily and Flora our rose." The gallantry of the French monarch, compared a court without woman to the spring ungraced by flowers; but in our estimation, a fair beauty amid the splendour of a garden is herself a court and sovereign too. She presents you with a flower—a guelder-rose, that vainly strives to emulate the fairness of the hand that offers it; or a double-cherry, which Shakespeare says is like unto her lips; or a moss-rose, and "can there a flower that flower exceed?" Save in the instance of the donor, we own the rose's empire, but her cheek's vermeil "doth outvie the rose;" and her eyes are more enchantingly modest than the silky moss that envelops the beauty of her rival. The violet affords an illustration of her sensibilities and temper,—diffident—retiring—persuasive—like the delicious fragrance that steals upon our senses.

We have at Flushing, and Brooklyn, nurseries containing some splendid specimens of plants and flowers; but were we possessed of land within this city or its environs, we would, in our love and admiration of flowers, lay out a princely garden, an Irem—a Jinnistan of flowers!—Every cottage on our domain should have its flower-plot, and we would not suffer any but a lover of nature and nature's gifts to inhabit them. We would—but alas! we have not these possessions, and can therefore only recommend our plan to those who have.

For the Constellation.

FALSE PRETENCES.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

It was a maxim of one of the seven wise men of Greece,—the renowned Thales of Miletus,—that "it is one of the most difficult things in the world to know ourselves": an assertion which the intelligent mind is neither disposed to question nor controvert. A subject closely connected with this self-knowledge so difficult to be attained, or perhaps a branch or division of it, is, doubtless, the importance of thoroughly knowing or understanding what we say; and it is on this department of the general subject that I now propose to speak.

It is a strange way that many persons have,—persons of little mind, or no education certainly,—that of seizing upon some new and favourite form of expression, and dealing it out on all occasions, proper and improper. Their motive for so doing is very apparent, even to him who boasts of but little shrewdness: and while they are so blinded as to fancy themselves appearing with uncommon superiority and even elegance in conversation, they are really objects of pity or contempt to their intelligent hearers. It is quite surprising that persons who usually acquit themselves with credit and honour by the genuinely good and sound sense with which their conversation abounds, should at times allow themselves to make an exhibition of a kind so directly contrary. For it is clearly the part of wisdom never to attempt a show of knowledge on subjects which we do not understand; and it requires but little common sense for ourselves to be aware of what we are ignorant.

Here is a strange obtuseness among men, however; and it not unfrequently, as I have observed, displays itself in a manner very nearly, if not quite, ridiculous. Sometimes, indeed, these exhibitions are less so than at others; as when the author of the phrase is really acquainted with its meaning, and only errs in using it with too great frequency. But when the speaker catches at a form of expression and by adoption makes it his own, while really ignorant of the idea it conveys—thus employing the phrase to beautify his style, while he spoils it by the awkwardness of its introduction, or renders it absurd by an entire misapplication; then it is, that the error, though less unpardonable, is far more to be deprecated. Sometimes, too, the mistake is still greater, by an entire misconception of the phrase; and in such case the sensible idea of the speaker being lost in the absurdity of the expression, he becomes supremely ridiculous;—for what reason, he cannot divine. All this might be saved were there the application of a little industry in the examination of a lexicon, or in the bestowment of a strict attention to the converse of the well educated. It would be well indeed, for such persons to carry a pocket dictionary as a *vade mecum*, to use on all occasions of doubt or embarrassment.

I recollect an error of the kind last mentioned, exhibited by a very sensible and well-meaning gentleman before a large circle of the best society. He had a short time before heard some one use the phrase

"sinister motive"—the meaning of which he correctly understood. But unfortunately for the good man, he did not well remember the expression, though he was master of its idea: so endeavouring to grace his own style by its use, he said, "the man you speak of is certainly a gentleman in his manners, but for myself, I have never been fond of receiving his attentions, for I always suspect him of a canister design." The company, of course, were obliged to lay an embargo on their risibles, lest they should wound the feelings of the speaker by a broad laugh at his mistake.

I will give a few other instances which I just now recollect. A very pretty young lady, whom I once met at a party, told me "she had recently returned from Boston, where she had attended an *ontario* of the Handel and Haydn Society, which was inimitably fine;" that "she wondered at their calling the performance by such a name, when, for her part, she thought it so excellent, she should much sooner have called it *superior*." She further added, that "she was greatly pleased with that city, and could have lived there always; for her affections became quite *deniated* from her own home."—A gentleman, too, who would have scorned to have called himself second to any in the company, once told me "he had lately attended the lectures of Professor —, and was much entertained with them; especially the one on *nitrous acid*, or *exilygating gas*." He also told me, "he was very fond of sporting; but that he had not been on such an expedition for some time, for he had got entirely out of *profession caps*, and his fowling piece required them."

I might mention many other instances of the like kind, for they are very numerous:—such as, that a lady once repeated to me what she called "a *sweet epithet*, which she had seen on a tomb-stone in a village church yard":—or, that a newly fledged beau once asked a lady, in my presence, to "dance a *duet* with him," instead of a "minuet":—or, that another, who undertook to give his judgment on the mental acquirements of a mutual friend, said, "he did not think him *capacious* of writing poetry." I might also tell of a sensible and judicious man, who once remarked to me, that in a certain society of which he was a member, "they always voted *vice versa*," meaning "viva voce":—and that I once knew a young student of the healing art, who was completing his last course of lectures at the University, and who, on a certain occasion, was contending strongly in behalf of the dignity and usefulness of his chosen profession; and after using several sound & convincing arguments in its behalf, ended with this blundering quotation:

"Millions have died of medical wounds."

Poor fellow! he meant to have said "medicable," for so the line runs; and this would have been very apt and appropriate.

These are glaring and foolish errors, however, which arise from ignorance alone, and may in most cases be excused; especially as they are accustomed to cure themselves. But for the other kind to which I have alluded, we need not call in the aid of our charity. The little Miss, just out of her boarding school, whom I saw the other day, delighted to have some one tease her, so she might give out her favourite expression of "leave me be—leave me be": notwithstanding she disgusted every one in her presence by the affectation of her delicacy. So too, the young sophomore, who fancies his newly acquired knowledge will astound the vulgar public, deals out some cherished quotations from his classic lore, so frequently, that common sense and judgment fairly blush for him. Would he mention patriotism; he speaks of "amor patriæ." Would he tell you a secret; it must be "inter nos," or "sub rosa": and would he relate a story, he says he will begin "ab initio." His scrap-book is his "multum in parvo"—a dismission, a "mitimus"—and his settled opinion, his "dictum."

Yet this evil is by no means confined to boarding-school misses and sophomores; far from it. I have even heard from prominent men, in high places, instances of the kind that have made me hang my head. A very excellent gentleman of my acquaintance, whose piety and good sense shine in the pulpit, will almost invariably use in every discourse, his favourite phrase of "time's sable scroll." A graduate of one of our minor colleges, too, on a visit to his uncle, a plain, but substantial husbandman, of sound sense and honest integrity, remarked to him on the plenty and comfort he saw every where around; and added, "you seem to enjoy the genuine 'otium cum dignitate,' uncle, and I confess I should like to share it with you." "What? what?" said the old gentleman, not comprehending the classic style of his nephew; "you a notion of digging o' 'tatoes, too?—well, I declare!"

Now all such inadvertencies, blunders, or what you will, should certainly be avoided; and they certainly might be, with a little care and attention. But I will conclude; only adding another instance which once fell under my own observation.

I was coming down to the city from Albany, in one of the steam-boats; when, soon after starting, a gen-

tleman approached, and addressing me in a polite and respectful style, remarked on the fineness of the morning, and expressed the hope that the day would continue so during our sail to the city. I had already been looking round for an acquaintance on board, and finding none, was pleased with this probable opportunity of making one: so I replied in that kind of way that would lead him to proceed in his remarks—that I doubted not it would, and that our sail would be pleasant throughout. "Perhaps," said he, "you may have such an anticipation in a day's sail on a river; but you would hardly do so if we were out in the boundless ocean." I assented to the truth of his remark, and we were soon after summoned to breakfast. I found my new companion very agreeable, and congratulated myself on our meeting. In time we reached Newburgh, and then entered the Highlands. I had discovered long before this that my friend was a novice in a steam-boat, and that the North River was a new world to him. "How dark and deep these waters look!" said he, casting his eyes down into the shadows of the lofty peaks. "They do indeed," I replied. "And yet," added he, "these are not half so deep as the waters of the boundless ocean." It was not long before we reached the broad expanse of Tappan Bay. It excited my friend's surprise and admiration, and caused him to enquire, "And pray, Sir, what is this? it seems like a great lake or sea." "No, it is only an expansion of the River, called Tappan Bay." "Ah!" said he, "I almost thought it was an entrance to the broad and boundless ocean." I turned to look at something in an opposite direction, fearing to discover a countenance endeavouring to suppress a smile. At length we reached the city, and our boat drew into the slip. Amid the hurry and bustle of landing, my friend and I parted, baggage in hand. I invited him to come and see me in town, but he was forced to decline, he said, for his stay would be but for a few hours. "But," added he, "I am glad to have met with you to-day, and should be happy to see you at all times. Farewell—you have my best wishes with you; and if we never meet again in this world, we certainly shall on the boundless ocean of eternity!"

CLARENCE.

The "City of the Demons," in our columns of this day, is from the pen of Dr. Magin, editor of one of the London periodicals, and a gentleman of very superior talent as a Hebraist. The origin may be clearly traced to the Talmudic legends of the Eastern Jews; in whose volumes, as also in the Koran, and in the pages of the Mohammedan commentators, the performance of the *suddkaut* (literally justice or righteousness) or "bestowment of alms," is laid down as essential to the future happiness of the faithful, and as frequently attended with extraordinary blessings even in this life.

The moral is impressive, and teaches us, in the words of one of our poets, that

"——— to be kind
Is Virtue's first, best lesson to the mind." L.

EXCHANGES.—In consequence of the applications that are daily made to us for exchange, we republish our conditions, viz.—that on the receipt of two dollars, postage paid, and the insertion of a short circular once in six months, we are willing to send our paper without exchange.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

Cap for Cap.—Mrs. Peggy Costelloe and Mrs. Norah Tierney, a brace of masculine Irish ladies, came before the Magistrate to have their differences adjusted. The main object, however, being to get Mrs. Norah bound over to keep the 'pace' with all his Majesty's subjects in general, and Mrs. Peggy in particular.

The defendant is well known in Covent-Garden Market as a professor of the art and craft of the 'tackle and ticket porters,' engaging to carry any thing under three hundred weight, as basket-woman; and the complainant, at the corner of a court in St. Giles's, dispenses halfpenny bunches of 'ingans' to the 'pensive public.'

Mrs. Costelloe had the advantage, as complainant, of prior speaking, and appeared fully inclined to have kept all the talk to herself, had not the magistrate checked her manifold excursions into extraneous matter. Eventually it was elicited that several skirmishes had occurred between them, each time commenced by the defendant, who completed the series of assaults on Sunday morning by rushing upon her as she was passing the door, tearing her cap from her head, and inflicting ten handsome and well-meant scratches down her face with her finger-nails.

'Here's me cap as me wetness, please yer wurship,' said Mrs. Peggy, producing a quantity of tatters.

'Cap for cap,' retorted Mrs. Norah, capering about the office, and shaking the ragged remnants of gauze before the magistrate.

'Oh! be me oath,' said Mrs. Peggy, 'she was drunk on that morning.'

'Och! it's Mr. Buckland, the beadle, who'll make a liar of ye, Mishtress Costelloe. He knows I'm never rale drunk but twice in my life—once when I was married, and once when I waked my husband, whom I'm married to these twenty years.'

'I've got two wetnesses to take oath of it, yer wurship,' said Mrs. Peggy.

'Don't let 'em in, yer honour,' said Mrs. Norah, 'thim two helped to murder me on Sunday morning, and now they want to take away my life agin.'

'Hold your tongue,' said the magistrate.

'And why will I houl me tongue,' said Mrs. Norah, 'whin they're going to hang me?'

'Well,' said the magistrate, 'let me hear your story.'

'Thim, yer wurship,' said Mrs. Norah, 'on Sunday morning I came home wid me basket, and as I hadn't time to wash a clane cap, I says to me childer, 'Biddy,' says I, 'go and get the loan of the bellows,' for I wanted to cook a few parates, 'and may be, my darling,' says I, 'as Mishtress Costelloe has been at a wake, she'll be drunk, and ye'll borry the sassan-pot.' Thim didn't hear Biddy cry murder, and says I, 'Och, they're killing you, me darling, and nobody but myself to save you.' Wid that I claps the last taste of coal, about as big as me two fists, into the toe of an ould stocking, and may be I didn't give Mishtress Costelloe a nate wipe wid it. But, me Lord, she came wid two faymale women, and trew herself on me, and bate the life out of me. 'And now, Mishtress Costelloe,' says I, 'I've got the breath into me agin, now I'll have fair play wid ye. So come down into the court and have it out, and this is the thing to do it,' says I, showing her me fist. But, yer wurship, she didn't come down, but goes and gets a warrant, and takes me into the prisence.'

The magistrates, finding one party almost as much in fault as the other, dismissed the warrant, upon the defendant's paying a portion of the costs.

Hindupence.—A coal-heaver, named Summers, of colossal proportions, standing very nearly seven feet high, was charged with having treated his wife with great brutality for some time past.

The wife, a very neat and well-looking female, with a child in her arms, detailed various acts of ill usage, and stated that she was afraid to go home, as her husband had threatened further violence upon the first opportunity. She was convinced that he would put his threats into execution, as on one occasion, when intoxicated, he had broken her nose by a blow with his fist.

The Magistrates inquired of the man, who stood at the bar perfectly erect and immovable, with a look of drunken stolidity, his reason for ill using his wife?

'Vy, your Vership,' said Summers, 'I got this here discourse to make. I verks as hard as any coalvipper in the universal world for vot I yarns, and the only fault as I nose of vot I can be accotned on is, that I gets drunk and vohps my wife. But I'll only ax yer Verships, howsever, you'd act as if you verkd as I've done for three weeks and never seed no pleasure.'

Vy you'd go and get comfortable, and if so be as you got drunk, vy you'd go home and go to bed, with the satisfaction on your mind of knowing you'd been too hindupent to ax any body for a farden-piece to get drunk vith. My Sal there is as good a woman as a man need to have, and I'd scorn the haction to touch her when I'm solid and sober.

Mr. Wyatt, however, directed that the man should be locked up till he found good bail to keep the peace towards her for six months.

'Stop a moment, Sal,' said the coalheaver, (as they were about to remove him from the bar) 'only jest let me kiss the child afore I goes to prison.'

Accordingly he seized the child in his huge arms and bestowed a hearty kiss upon it. This 'touch of kindness' softened both 'Sal' and the Magistrate; and after some advice from the bench, he promised to conduct himself better in future, if his wife would forgive him; and the parties eventually left the office reconciled.

A Jarvey's Defence.—John Seymour, the driver of a hackney coach, was summoned for having suffered his horses to remain unattended on the stand, where-by an accident occurred to the shop windows of a tradesman in Piccadilly.

The offence was fully proved; and the coachman, on being called for his defence, came forward and presented a capital specimen of the true London Jarvey, short, stiff-built, and bow-legged, enveloped in two or three top-coats, with his chin sunk in the folds of a large red shawl, which he had wound around his neck. Having thrown a proper share of pathos into his phiz, he made a duck to the magistrate, and said,

'This here consarn, your Vership, is von o' them 'ere blessed heart-breaking misfortens as ve poor hackney-coachmen's hobligated to encounter. I only jest went into the public house to git half a pint o' beer, vich I drinkt at the bar, and then jest for an instant moment of time at the tap-room to light my bakker, ven this ere unfertnight consarn took place.'

Now, my Lord, vot I look at is this here. It's the universal custom of every 'spectable hackney-coachman vener they takes up a lady or gemman, or vatever it might be, to chuck the vaterman a "brown" (half-penny) and sometimes two, jest for looking arter the hosses, and anging the nose-bags on the poor dumb hanimals. Now, my Lord, it's very hard ven the vaterman gits sich a *handsome hindupence* out on us, that he arnt to be made liably 'sponsible for the hosses getting out of the rank, and committing any promiscuous disaster with our vehicles. Howsever, your Vership, if so be as how your Vership means to convict, I hopes you'll take my wife and five children into your protection, and not put the extremities of the law on me.'

The defendant's oratory did not appear to have the desired effect, for the magistrate fined him 10s. upon the understanding that the damage done to the windows, amounting to four guineas, was also paid.

Duck Shooting.—An Adventure.—The scene of the adventure was on the low flat shores in Hampshire, opposite the Isle of Wight; the hero of it a wild-fowl shooter:—"Mounted on his mud pattens, he was traversing one of these mud-land plains in quest of ducks; and being only intent on his game, he suddenly found the waters, which had been brought forward with uncommon rapidity by some peculiar circumstance of tide, had made an alarming progress around him. To whatever part he ran, he found himself completely invested by the tide; a thought struck him, as the only hope of safety; he retired to that part which was uncovered with water, and sticking the barrel of his gun, (which, for the purpose of shooting wild-fowl was very long), deep into the mud, he resolved to hold fast by it as a support against the waves, and to wait the ebbing of the tide. A common tide, he had reason to believe, would not in that place have reached above his middle, but this was a spring tide, and brought forward by a strong westerly wind. The water had reached him; it covered the ground on which he stood; it rippled over his feet; it gained his knees—his waist. Rutton after button was swallowed up, till at length it advanced over his very shoulders. With a palpitating heart he gave himself up for lost. Still, however, he held fast by his anchor; his eye was eagerly bent in search of some boat which might take its course that way, but none appeared. A solitary head, sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be desisted from shore at the distance of half a league. Whilst he was making up his mind to the terrors of certain destruction, his attention was called to a new object! He thought he saw the uppermost button of his coat begin to appear. No mariner could behold a Cape at sea with greater transport than he did the uppermost button of his coat! But the fluctuation of the water was such, and the turn of the tide so slow, that it was yet some time before he durst venture to assure himself that the button was fairly above the level of the flood. At length, however, a second button appearing at intervals, his sensations may rather be conceived than described; and his joy gave him spirits and resolution to support his uneasy situation four or five hours longer, till the waters had fully retired."—*Gilpin's Forest Scenery*.

BARBAROSSA AND THE BEAUTY.—The next towers to Malta, on the Roman road, are Termacina and Fondi; the latter of which is reported to have been burnt and ravaged by the celebrated Barbarossa, Admiral of the Turkish fleet. He commenced his career as a pirate, and so successful was he in his buccannery exploits, that he at length became Dey of Algiers, a place which he easily induced to shake off the Spanish yoke. It was while pursuing his depredations on the Mediterranean Sea, that he was informed by his spies, ever on the alert for prizes of this kind, of the extraordinary beauty of Giulia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasian Colonna, and the most accomplished as well as the most lovely woman of her time. The daring pirate resolved to include her among his other conquests. He ascertained that she was residing at Fondi, in a place not far distant from the shore. He approached cautiously in the dead of night, landed his men, and while the town lay buried in slumber, had surprised and nearly surrounded the mansion of the intended victim of his lawless attempt. Another moment and she was lost; but, apprized by one of her domestics of the sudden attack, she hastily arose from her bed, and leaping out of one of the back windows near the ground, more than half undressed, she "rid away" in the words of an old-traveller, "in her very linen, and escaped so narrowly, that had she staid to put on any clothes she had for ever put off all liberty." The pirates, amissing of the fair Helena, failed not to make a burning Troy of Fondi, ransacking it and carrying away the best of its inhabitants. Such dangerous things are great beauties to weak towns.—*Landse's Annual*.

TAKING THE QUESTION.—Sir John Trevor, cousin to Lord Chancellor Jefferies, was an able man, but as corrupt as he was able. He was twice Speaker of the House of Commons, and officially had the mortification to put the question to the House, "whether himself ought to be expelled for bribery." The answer was "Yes."

CONSUMPTION.—To what description of fruit may old maids be supposed to entertain the greatest antipathy?—To dates.

THE DEAD.

Thou art not in thy lovely ear,
 The brightness of the sky,
 Whose lustre, beaming from afar,
 Hath caught my mortal eye.
 Thou art not in the passing breeze
 That cools my burning brow;
 Murmuring like music through the trees,
 But with the dead art thou.

The Dead! What are the Dead? Where dwell
 Those masters of the dead?
 Hast thou some wandering ghost may tell
 Who join'd their consolate last?
 Had one, so young and fair, disbur'd
 Upon this mortal soil,
 Wouldst thou not have mark'd
 With a curse the stranger's toil?

And do ye not, ye ghastly host,
 Thus give the wanderer cheer,
 Who for your dark and dismal coast
 Leaves many mourners here?
 Then what art ye? And where are they,
 The beautiful, the good,
 Who fled as smoke-fades away,
 As day-star-light should?

And where is she, the sainted one,
 That o'er us shed such light—
 Whose glory from our home hath gone,
 Her image from our sight?
 Oh! not to earth! For one so dear
 Its bosom were unmeet;
 Unmet the cold clay sepulchre
 To shelter aught so sweet.

Yet thou wert laid in earth, young one,
 Thine eyes beheld the dead,
 And wert thou should'st sleep alone
 Within thy narrow bed,
 And tears were shed above thy bier,
 And words of anguish said,
 Ere broken hearts which linger'd near
 Could leave thee with the dead.

Not with the dead—though dies the flower,
 Its odour flies to Heaven,
 And spring renews the ruined bower
 By wintry hoar-frost given;
 Though darkness o'er a slumbering world
 Her sable mantle throw,
 Returning splendours are unfail'd,
 And all is bright below.

Not with the dead. Although withdrawn
 Like dew-drops from our sight,
 More radiant than those gems of dawn,
 Thou art enshrin'd in light.
 Fair flow'et of immortal worth,
 To thee the crown is given,
 Thy buds though blasted on the earth
 Are blossoming in Heaven! J. Aitken.

GEN. CHASSE.

"David Henry Baron de Chasse, the Dutch Governor of the citadel of Antwerp, is a Lieutenant-General, Commander of the military order of William, and an Officer of the Legion of Honour. He was born at Tiel, in Guelderland, on the 18th of March, 1767, his father being a Major in the regiment of Munster. He entered the service of the U. States of Holland, in 1775, as a Cadet, was made Lieutenant in 1781, Captain in 1787, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1793, Colonel in 1803, Major-General in 1806, and Lieutenant-General in 1814. After the revolution of Holland in 1787, during which he attached himself to the part of the patriots, he quitted his country and went into the service of the French army, and, by his brave conduct, he obtained, in 1793, the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He distinguished himself in the battles of Monqueron, of Hoogdele, and Stado; again entered his native country in 1795, with Pichegru's army; and again soon quitted it to take part in the campaign of 1796, under the command of the Dutch General Daendels. In 1799, the English having made a descent upon the coast of Holland, Col. Chasse displayed great military talent at the head of a Dutch Corps, who fought several hours against a large body of English troops. This campaign having terminated, he quitted the country for Germany. He was at the siege of Wurtzburg, took a battery from the Austrians, and 400 prisoners. This happened on the 27th of December, 1800. In the years 1805 and 1806, he served with distinction in the war against Prussia, under the command of the Dutch General Dumoreau. But, above all, it was in the Spanish war that General Chasse was most distinguished. He exhibited proofs of the greatest intrepidity, which, among the soldiers, procured him the honorable title of "Bayonet General," in consequence of the frequent and successful use which he made of that instrument of warfare. To recompense the services which he had thus rendered, Louis Bonaparte created him Baron, with a pension of 3000 florins, and named him Commander of the Royal Order of the Union. During the six years of that murderous war, General Chasse always remained in Spain, and was present at the battles of Durango, Talavera, de Miss d'Irun, and Almonacid; he contributed greatly to the success of the battle of Ocana, where the Dutch troops covered themselves with glory, and at Col de Maja, in the Pyrenees, where he saved, by rare valour, the corps of the army of the Count d'Erlon, at the head of the 8th, 28th, and the 54th regiments of the line, and the 16th light infantry. The decoration of the Legion of Honour was the reward of this brilliant feat, and the Duke of Dalmatia (Marshal Soult) demanded for him the rank of Lieutenant-General, which he obtained on quitting the French service. Napoleon knew how to appreciate the bravery which Gen. Chasse displayed in the course of the war, and he made him a Baron of the Empire, by decree of the date of June 30, 1811. In the month of January 1814, he received an order to set out immediately with his four regiments, in order to join the grand army in the vicinity of Paris. On the 27th Feb. he attacked, with the remains of his regi-

ments, a column of 6000 Prussians, supported by a battery of six pieces of cannon, duly ranged, near Bar sur Aube; and after the retreat of the infantry, he sustained three obstinate attacks of cavalry. In this affair he received a wound; and in the two campaigns of 1813 and 1814, he had three horses killed under him and two wounded. He again returned to his country upon the first capitulation of Paris, and the Sovereign Prince of Holland rendered homage to his military skill, and his well-earned bravery, by admitting him in his army, with the rank of Lieut. General, on the 21st of April, 1811. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, General Chasse sustained the reputation he had gained, as an intrepid soldier and a clever general. In this battle, perceiving the Old Guard attacking an English battery which had ceased its firing, having exhausted its ammunition, he, with a true military eye, perceived the fatal result which would follow, were this battery taken, directed Meyer Vander Smitten to advance, with his artillery, who directed the firing with such precision that the assailants were compelled to retreat in disorder, leaving the declivity of Mont St. Jean covered with their dead and wounded. He knew how to profit by the advantage gained, and charged with the bayonet, with some Belgian and Dutch battalions, with the happiest effect. This movement coincided with the general movement made by the English army, and the result was most complete. The Duke of Wellington evinced, by a letter honourable to General Chasse, which was made public in July following, the eminent services rendered by that general officer under the circumstances already detailed."

CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERALS CHASSE AND GERARD.

CITADEL OF ANTWERP, Nov. 30.

"Monsieur le Maréchal,—In answer to your summons, which I have just received, I inform you that I will not surrender the citadel of Antwerp, until I have exhausted all the means of defence which are at my disposal. I shall consider the city of Antwerp as neutral, so long as no use shall be made of the fortifications of the exterior works belonging to it, of which the fire might be directed against the citadel and the Tete-de-Flandre, including the forts Burgh, Zmyndre, and Ansterwald, as well as the flotilla stationed in the Scheldt before Antwerp. It is understood as a matter of course, that the free communication by the Scheldt with Holland, as it exists at present, shall not be interrupted. I learn with surprise that whilst your Excellency is entering upon negotiations, hostilities are commencing by the erection of works of attack on the south, under the fire of our cannon; upon which I have the honour to inform you, that if these works are not discontinued by noon, I shall be under the necessity of preventing them by force. Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, &c.

BARON CHASSE."

To this letter General Gerard sent the following reply:—
 HEAD-QUARTERS AT BERGHEM, under Antwerp,
 Nov. 30.

"General,—The first hostilities are the cannon shots which you have just fired upon my troops at the very moment when I received your letter of this day. The cutting of the dykes near Liefkenshoek, on the 21st and 25th inst., and the cannon fired on the 21st upon a Belgian officer, might be considered as a breach of the armistice, much more than the preparations commenced on the ground which I occupy before the citadel. Previous to firing, I wished to propose to you a means of preserving the city of Antwerp and its inhabitants from the disasters of war, and, with this view, I offered to renounce the advantages which I might derive from an attack on the side of the houses, confining myself to the exterior side. The Lunetta Montebello is necessarily included in the latter, as well as the counter-guards and works not within the precincts of the town. In so doing, I am justified by the precedents of the sieges of 1747 and 1792, in which the town, by common consent, was considered neutral, without depriving the besieging party of the right of extending their works on the exterior side. If my availing myself of a similar right, should induce you to fire upon the town, I shall be at liberty to attack your citadel on whatever side I may think proper, and you know the disadvantage which will result from it to your defence. Though, with a view to preserve the city, I may consent to abstain from making any use of the inferior batteries to fire upon the Tete-de-Flandre, yet it does not follow that you can preserve the free navigation of the Scheldt, for then I should besiege without blockading you. I must therefore urge you again, General, to accept arrangements tending to make Antwerp a neutral point between you and me, in the interest of your honor and of humanity, or to remind you that all the responsibility of a refusal will fall upon you personally. Be pleased, General, to accept, &c.

COUNT GERARD."

Answer of Gen. Chasse to the second letter of Marshal Gerard:—

CITADEL OF ANTWERP, Nov. 30.

"Marshal,—In answer to your Excellency's second letter of this day's date, I have the honor to inform you, that when you made proposals not to attack the Citadel from the city side, your troops were already engaged in preparing works against the Citadel, and it became my duty to oppose them; it is therefore on your part that hostilities have commenced. Besides, all the fortifications with the outworks and forts cannot be employed in besieging the Citadel without the town of Antwerp being considered as engaged, and therefore, Marshal, I inform you that the first cannon shot

fired from these points will be considered by me an act of hostility by the city, exposing it to total ruin, the disastrous consequences of which will be attributable personally to your Excellency. It is indisputable that these works were erected for the defence of the town, and not for the purpose of attacking the Citadel, for thus the military authorities of Antwerp have always considered and avowed them to be. The free communication with Holland by the Scheldt, which has always been allowed, is a point so just that I cannot give it up, not conceiving that this communication can be in any wise detrimental to your operations. You will perceive by these proposals that I am still disposed to spare the town, as my conduct during the last two years has fully proved, notwithstanding the reiterated provocations I have received from the inhabitants and the military authorities.—Accept, etc.

BARON CHASSE."

Third letter of General Chasse.

CITADEL OF ANTWERP, Dec. 5.

Marshal,—The calamities which your aggression may bring down upon the city of Antwerp, whilst negotiations are pending for the maintenance of peace, appear likely to be realised in all their rigor, in consequence of what I still flatter myself to be the effect of imprudence on the part of your troops, and not dictated by your will. Notwithstanding my answer of November 30th, to the second letter which you did me the honor to address to me, the firing against the Citadel from fort Montebello, and even from the rampart of the town near the gate des Beguines, has been frequently repeated. These are transgressions of the bases of the arrangement which your Excellency proposed to me, as well as of those stated in my answer. I deem it, therefore, my duty to inform your Excellency of it, to prove that I do every thing in my power to prevent a disastrous conflict. Its consequences can only recoil upon the authors of an aggression which, having been made at the moment when efforts were being employed to carry the negotiations for peace to a conclusion, and when these efforts had removed all but a few obstacles, compromises such important interests, and which although against the point which I occupy, does not hesitate to expose a city, the preservation of which is called for by its importance as well as by humanity. I am under the necessity of applying to your Excellency for explanations on the subject of the grievances which I have had the honor of pointing out. Fort Montebello is so completely a dependence of the city, that I could abstain no longer from returning any shots that might be directed against me from that fort, or from the ramparts of that enclosure. The inhabitants of Antwerp know me too well from the conduct I pursued since I came to this post—conduct that was always duly appreciated by their Excellencies the French and English Commissioners at the Conference, not to feel to whom are to be attributed the calamities which threaten them, should similar provocations force me to inflict them. Accept, etc.

CHASSE.

Marshal Gerard's answer to General Chasse's third letter:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, under Antwerp, Dec. 5.

General.—In the letter which I had the honor of writing to you, on the evening of Nov. 30, in reply to yours of the same day's date, I clearly stated to you the line of conduct pointed out to me by my instruction, relative to the siege of the Citadel of Antwerp. I only demand in the name of my government, the execution of the Treaty of Nov. 14, 1831, a treaty signed and guaranteed. To attack the Citadel, which you ought to deliver up to me, I only resort to means placed without the precincts of the town of Antwerp, and have cited the precedents and the rights which justify my conduct in that respect. By my preventing your being fired upon from the interior of the town, I give the best proof of my wish to spare that town and its population, since it offers me means and a position of attack which would speedily effect your ruin, my intention being to cut off from you all communication. If, in spite of your professions, you inhumanly sacrifice the city of Antwerp, I am prepared to convince you that your conduct will not be less contrary to your interest than to humanity, and that you will regret the consequences. Accept, &c.

COUNT GERARD.

MILITARY FORCE.—One of the London papers supplies the statements which follow, and which embrace also the Belgian Army. We present them together, because they afford a more direct comparison than if in separate articles:—

The Dutch Infantry is composed of five battalions of Royal Guards, 11 regiments of three battalions each, besides the depots—in all, 30,000 men of the line.

The Belgian Infantry—12 regiments of four battalions each, three regiments of Chasseurs, of three battalions each, 12 battalions of reserve—in all, 55,000 men of the line.

The Garde Communale of the Dutch, is composed of 12 regiments, having three battalions each—in all, from 30 to 35,000 men.

The Civic Guard Mobilise of the Belgians, is composed of 20,000 men.

Thus, the whole of the Dutch Infantry is 65,000, and that of the Belgians 75,000 men.

The Dutch Cavalry consists of three regiments of Cuirassiers, two having four squadrons, and one three squadrons; two regiments of Light Dragoons, having one of four squadrons, and one of five squadrons; three regiments of Hussars, of four squadrons; and one regiment of Lancers, of five squadrons—in all, 29 squadrons.

The Belgian Cavalry.—One regiment of Cuirassiers, of eight squadrons; one regiment of Royal Guards, three squadrons; two regiments of Lancers, six squadrons each; two regiments of Chasseurs, six squadrons each; one regiment of Gens d'Armes, three squadrons; and four squadrons of Eclaireurs—in all, 42 squadrons.

The Dutch Artillery is composed of 108 pieces, and that of Belgium 130 pieces.

Each party has four divisions of Infantry and one of Cavalry, on the frontiers.

Position of the Dutch Army.—First Division—Head-quarters at Breda. Corps of Observation occupy nearly the whole of the east of Dutch Brabant.

The other three divisions are concentrated in the environs of Eindhoven.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Saxe-Weimer is at Eindhoven; of Gen. Meyer, at Oerschoot; of Gen. Count Heylegers, at Hellemont.

The head-quarters of the Prince of Orange is at Tilburg, about two leagues from the frontiers.

Position of the Belgian Army.—The right is commanded by Gen. Hurel; the left, by Gen. Goethals; the centre is composed of the Army of Reserve. The head-quarters of Gen. Hurel is at Diest; of Gen. Goethals, at Brussels.

The head-quarters of his Majesty is at Louvain.

London and Greenwich Rail Road.—The consent of 160 proprietors on the line of road has been already obtained, and that of from 160 to 200 more is expected. In fact there hitherto has not been a single objection to the plan. The following is an abstract of the Report, detailing the advantages likely to result from carrying the plan into execution. The rail-road is intended to be constructed on arches, and in such a manner that passengers and carriages may pass along the streets which the line will cross without being in any way obstructed. The road will commence at or near the south end of London Bridge, and terminate at or near the north side of London-street, Greenwich. The comfort of travelling in coaches will be increased by the commodious form of the vehicle, and its total freedom from the ordinary accidents, intrusions, and delays, to which other modes of travelling are liable. The time of performing the journey will be about twelve minutes, and there will be neither noise nor vibration, while the passengers will be free from dust, and completely protected from the weather. The seats in the coaches will be so constructed, that ladies will be secured against those annoyances of which they have hitherto had so much reason to complain. The man of business will save eight hours of his time per week, and from fifteen to thirty pounds per annum of his travelling expenses.

Many respectable families will be induced to reside at Deptford and Greenwich, and their vicinity, from the economy and facility of conveyance; whilst the employment of numerous workmen, and the expenditure of so large a sum of money, will necessarily tend to reduce the poor-rates. The rail-road will most likely even cause steam-vessels to be restricted from navigating the Thames above Deptford, and thus prevent numerous accidents, as well as much expense to the proprietors, both in compensation for the damage, and in navigation. The number of passengers to and from London by the steam-boats last year, exceeded 400,000. A great improvement in the value of house and landed property, not only at Deptford and Greenwich, but along the whole line, will take place; and the two Hospitals of St. Thomas and Guy, will experience much benefit by the removal of several obnoxious streets and alleys in their vicinity, and generating the most unwholesome atmosphere. The probable increasing returns to be derived, will be ample to the shareholders. The average number of passengers by stage-coaches, between Manchester and Liverpool, was, before the construction of the rail-road, 450 per day; and since that period, the average number for 21 months has been about 1200 per day.

The value of landed property adjacent to the rail roads has been augmented at least one fifth; and although the Trustees of Roads running parallel to rail-roads at first entertained serious alarm for their interests, and therefore petitioned against the Bill, they now find that their funds have been considerably improved. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company have reported the following result:—

To passengers entered in the Company's books, during the half year ending	
June 30, 1831,	£188,796
Do. do. Dec. 31, 1831,	256,321
Increase,	67,525

The Report then enters into a statement of persons daily and annually travelling by public conveyances, as at present established, by London Bridge and Bermondsey, to and from Deptford, Greenwich, Blackheath and Woolwich. It estimates the annual average at 1,233,140 persons.—*Land. pap.*

Railway Accident.—A late number of the Liverpool Chronicle, relates that while one train of cars on the way from Manchester, was stopping to take up passengers, another which left at a later hour, was observed coming along the road with great speed. The persons belonging to the stationary train, who saw the other distinctly at a distance of 150 yards, though a dense fog prevailed at the time, called out loudly for the engineer to stop. Fortunately the managers of the stationary train contrived to get it into motion, by which the force of the concussion was in some degree diminished. The concussion was, however, dreadful. The engine of the advancing train

struck the hindmost carriage, and after driving some of them off the road, was driven with tremendous violence against the station-house at the side of the road, the front of which was completely carried away. One young man was killed upon the spot. The last carriage of the blue train, the one next the other engine, was broken to pieces; the next, a close carriage, was not much injured; the next three were all more or less so, and the engine and tender escaped without damage. Several of the passengers were severely hurt, and hardly one escaped without cuts, bruises, or contusions.

AMERICAN GEOLOGY.

PROF. HITCHCOCK'S REPORT ON THE GEOLOGY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The reviewer of this report, in the Rev. Encyc. Aug. 1832, observes, that those who consider the English system of abandoning scientific improvement and researches to individual enterprise, as the best of all systems, and who censure the continental governments, for devoting the public funds to such purposes, will probably be surprised to see one of the States of New England, executing at its own expense, such a work as that of Prof. Hitchcock; and that a single glance at this report, is sufficient to convince any one of the utility of such a work, to the State which has undertaken it; and to regret that there is so very small a part of the French territory, whose geological constitution is as well known to the public, as is now the State of Massachusetts. France has the greater cause to regret her being distanced in this race by America, from her having a corps of mining engineers, who, if they had the means, would, in a very short time furnish a work of the same kind, still more complete, of each of the departments.

The same Journal, in remarking on the GEOLOGY OF NOVA SCOTIA, &c., by T. Jackson and F. Alger, adverts to the agreeable surprise, which Humboldt experienced, on debarking at Cumana, on finding in the Spanish Governor of that province, a man who was capable of sustaining a scientific conversation; and to his observation, that the sweet name of one's country pronounced in a distant land, cannot give more delight to the ear of one who has been long absent from it, than did the terms oxygen and azote, spontaneously uttered on that occasion. A sensation, say the reviewers, as agreeable and unexpected, was experienced by them in reading a description, printed in another hemisphere, of a country which they had considered to be divided between frosts and forests, and to find the most recent and best established principles of one of the most recent of the sciences, applied to it with precision and discernment. May we be pardoned, say they, for such an explosion of European self love! How limited soever, may have been such labours as these, on the other side of the Atlantic, our American brethren will not be long in placing themselves in a condition to afford us the like.

Prison and Criminal Institutions.—The Rev. Dr. Stanford gives the following census of these establishments in the city of New York on the 1st Jan. 1833:—

In the Orphan Asylum—Boys, 99; girls, 74; total, 173—Increase, 57. House of Refuge—Boys, 159, girls, 36; total, 195—inc. 12. City Hospital—Patients, 182; lunatics, 81; total, 263—decrease, 54. City Almshouse—White men, 542; women, 650; boys, 424; girls, 210—Black men, 29; women, 34; boys, 24; girls, 14; total, 1827—dec. 429. Bellevue Hospital—Men Patients, 77; women, 62; men maniacs, 43; women, 44; total, 226—dec. 96. Female Penitentiary—White women, criminals, 5; black, 13; white women, vagrants, 67; black, 42; female state prisoners, 36; total, 163—dec. 10. Penitentiary Island—White men, criminals, 61; black, 11; white men, vagrants, 59; black, 12; total, 173—dec. 57. Bridewell—White men, 61; women, 5; black men, 12; women, 3; total, 81—increase, 43. Grand total, 3101.

The number in 1831, (omitting debtor's prison,) was 3635; do. in 1832, 3101; decrease, 534.

Business of the New York Canals.—The Collector at Albany reports the whole quantity of freight, upon which toll is charged by weight, conveyed on the Canals to Albany, in 1832, at one hundred and nine thousand three hundred tons, estimating a ton at two thousand pounds, consisting principally of the following articles:—422,695 brls. Flour; 19,091 do. Ashes; 21,274 do. Beef and Pork; 23,117 bus. Salt; 21,285 brls. Whiskey; 1,264 hhd. do.; 145,960 bus. of Wheat; 57,929 do. Coarse Grain; 151,014 do. Barley; and the following upon which toll is not charged by weight: 15,221 cords Wood; 55,569 feet of Timber; 36,620,564 do. Sawed Timber. The quantity of merchandise, &c., conveyed from Albany, was forty six thousand seven hundred and ninety one tons, and the toll paid there two hundred and thirty six thousand six hundred and twenty eight dollars.—Number of boats arrived and departed, thirteen thousand five hundred and twenty-one.

At Buffalo, the western extremity of the Erie Canal, the report for the season is,—Passing east during the year 1832—wheat, 100,761 bushels; flour, 21,932 brls.; pork, 4,989; beef, 170; Whiskey, 2,208. Weight of these, together with that of other articles not enumerated, including—furs, 107 tons; iron castings, 468; tobacco, 386; pig iron, 761; butter, 394; pot and pearl ashes, 2,110; 523,000 staves, 1,353—is 13,585 tons.

Delivered at, and passing Buffalo, west, during the year—merchandise, 13,132 tons, 61,335 brls.; salt, 5,843; &c. &c.—in all, 26,068 tons.

FRANCE.

ADDRESS TO THE KING.—Some extracts from the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the Address are subjoined:

At the sitting of Dec. 31, on paragraph 18, relative to Poland, being read, M. Bignon proposed to substitute for it the following:—"The interest which France feels in an heroic people has increased with the unheard of misfortunes which overwhelm it. The dear cause of the nationality of Poland, guaranteed by the right of nations and by treaties, will not have ceased to occupy the attention of Government. Events change—justice and right never change. If the voice of European policy, which we are confident will not always speak in vain, has not yet been able to gain attention, from this moment, at least, let the cry of humanity be heard."

The Minister for Foreign Affairs said—Gentlemen, the Hon. member who last addressed you, wisely observed, that there are circumstances under which it behoves the Government to be silent. Amongst these circumstances those in which the question of Poland is placed stand pre-eminent. Every one of you, gentlemen, must perceive that being reduced to employ only expostulations and exert an influence purely moral, our Government ought to place itself in the most favourable position with regard to that of St. Petersburg. I shall not discuss the amendment which has just been submitted to you. The Government on this point throws itself upon the wisdom of the Chamber. It simply submits that irritation is not for the interest even of Poland. I therefore shall content myself with repeating that we appeal to the wisdom of the Chamber.

General Lafayette supported the amendment. He alluded particularly to the gratitude which France owed to Poland for having, by the revolution of Warsaw, prevented the advance of Russia against the French revolution of 1830. He depicted in vivid colours the barbarities to which the Poles were subjected, the tearing of children of the tenderest age from their mothers, the banishment of 300,000 individuals to the Caucasus, the enrolment of Poles of all ranks as private soldiers in the Russian army, the suppression of Universities, the persecution of the national religion, and the confiscation of property without regard even to the rights of creditors. The amendment of M. Bignon went, he said, rather further than the paragraph of the commission, and therefore he supported it.

The amendment was then put up to the vote, and adopted by a very large majority, only about twenty Deputies in the centres rising against it. (Great applause.)

General Lafayette proposed the insertion of the following sentence before the 19th paragraph:—"The avowed object of the expedition to Ancona having been to protect that portion of Italy from the encroachments of a neighbouring intervention, and your Majesty's Ministers having at the same time announced the speedy realization of the institutions promised to the Roman States, we shall hope to learn, from communications by Government, that in the various relations resulting from this measure, the honor of the tri-colored flag has not been in any respect compromised." The Hon. General, in support of this proposition, said that though, from respect for the Chamber, he had employed a tone of doubt in his paragraph, his own conviction amounted to certainty. The tri-colored flag, which according to the Journal des Debats, was to represent the principle of liberty at Ancona, had been displayed in vain. The liberal institutions promised by Pope, and guaranteed by the French Government, had never been granted; the Ambassador of France had sanctioned the dissolution of the Civil Guard, the best defence of liberty; and the only answer to the remonstrance of the oppressed Italians was an excommunication. He was even told that the French commander (probably in pursuance of the instructions he had received) had ordered the arrest of the printers engaged in preparing a protest against the excommunication. The Hon. Gen. added, that even the liberation of the prisoner at Venice—victims of Austrian piracy—was no complete, as Gen. Zucchi was still in strict confinement, and others had been sent to Milan where they were imprisoned anew. Six Modeneses refugees also had been lately seized in the Papal States, and sent back to Modena. If it be asked, continued the Hon. General, what we could have done, I reply, we should have done what an English Minister, Mr. Seymour has done—complain loudly and publicly of the breach of positive engagements. We should have consulted with Mr. Seymour, instead of with the Austrians if we wished to obtain the fulfilment of the promise which have been so shamelessly violated. On these points I demand an explanation from the Administration.

The Minister of the Marine explained that the object of the expedition to Ancona was not a hostile one, but merely to act as a counter check to that of Austria, and to assert an equal right of interference. A promptitude of execution (continued the Hon. Minister) arising from fortuitous circumstances, of from military ardor, always praiseworthy in a French soldier, militarily speaking, but in this instance followed without reflection, brought our vessels before Ancona sooner than was expected. The officer who commanded them, impelled by a feeling which I will not characterize, and acting perhaps, under interested information, did not wait for the arrangements which were in progress at Rome, but precipitated the occupation of the town and citadel. By this act, I will not say of rashness, but of blameable impetuosity, the

character of the expedition appeared for the moment to be changed, and I must say perverted.

M. Salvette said that the minister had not replied to the most important part of the speech of Gen. Lafayette, or stated whether the expedition had produced its effects, and whether the long promised institutions had been granted; as, if not, the honor of France was compromised.

The amendment was put to vote, and rejected by a large majority.

On the 23d paragraph relative to the diminution of public expenses, M. Dulong proposed the following amendment:—"We hope also, that in order to pay to the people the debt of the revolution of July, your Government, Sire, will seek out every means of alleviating the public burdens, particularly those which weigh upon the poorer and suffering classes, by a diminution of the public expenditure, and by a better distribution of the taxes; and that it will endeavour to put an end to the state of *provisoire* which embarrasses and complicates the collection of the public revenues, and to limit, with greater strictness, the expenses to the grants accorded by the budget."

M. Charles Dupin said, that the amendment implied a censure on the Government for not having endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes.

The amendment of M. Dulong was put to the vote and rejected. The Chamber then proceeded to ballot upon the *ensemble* of the address. The following was the result of the scrutiny:

For the address	233
Against it	119

Majority for Ministers

114

The President afterwards drew the names of 20 members to form the grand deputation to present the address to the King and announced that his Majesty would receive them on the morrow at twelve o'clock. Messrs. Mangin, Dupont de l'Eure, and LaFayette, are among the deputies on whom the lot fell.—Adj.

Dec. 4. After the press verbal had been adopted, the President read the following answer given by the King, to the Address of the Chamber:

"Gentlemen.—The address you present me with creates in me a lively satisfaction. The sentiments it contains, and those you evinced a few days ago, when you repaired in a mass to felicitate me, affect me very deeply. Surrounded by five sons, whom I shall leave after me to France to defend her, I fear very little the criminal attempts of factions. All my wishes are for the liberty, prosperity, and glory of France. Those wishes are also yours. It is with perfect sincerity that my Government labours to accomplish those objects, and it is only by your aid that it can so labour with effect. I am truly happy to find that you concur in those views. That concurrence is the surest proof that they have their origin in wisdom.

The harmony which happily exists between the different branches of the state will secure the preservation of order and the laws, impart an irresistible impulse to our prosperity, and inspire Europe with that sense of security which is the basis of general peace. We shall soon see our soldiers, our children, return with honour to their country, and bring back from the banks of the Scheldt a new pledge of the preservation of peace. That day, which we await with impatience, and which cannot be remote, will give the surest and most splendid demonstration of the wisdom of the system which we support together with so much perseverance. I thank you once more for the aid you grant to my Government, in assisting me to accomplish the wishes of France and secure her destinies."

BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITADEL OF ANTWERP.

From the various accounts before us, we have prepared the following notices.

Berchem, Headquarters of Marshal Gerard, Sunday, Dec. 2, eleven o'clock at night.

This afternoon, Marshal Gerard sent Major Lafontaine with a second note to General Chasse, demanding a categorical reply as to his intentions respecting the neutrality of the town. The answer was very laconic; Chasse persisted in his previous demands. Marshal Gerard, on the receipt of his communication, immediately set off for Lierre with General Desprez, and had a long consultation with the King. He refused acting on his own responsibility, and wished the sanction of Leopold, as to any measures he might be forced to take, in order to secure the object of his mission. Leopold was as much embarrassed as the Marshal, and it was finally agreed to telegraph to Paris the determination of Chasse, and wait for definitive instructions from Marshal Soult.

The Dutch have been firing the whole of the day, principally from the Lunette St. Laurent and Fort Kiel, but with little effect. It was not expected they could do much mischief, the men being placed out of their view by the trenches; and it is only when a soldier mounts the trench for the purpose of levelling it that the Dutch get a view of him, and they instantly fire. This will account to you for the long intervals, sometimes as much as five minutes, between each shot.—They made a second sortie this afternoon, with about 600 men, for the purpose of destroying a battery erected during the previous night between Fort Kiel and Fort St. Laurent. They were compelled to retreat, after having one man killed and one man taken prisoner.

The Duke of Orleans has established his headquarters at Berchem.

Dec. 3, 6 P.M.—The Dutch have been firing during the whole of last night, and have not ceased at the

time that I am writing. I have only heard of two soldiers being wounded. From the official reports it appears that since Friday last the French have had 10 men killed and 16 wounded;—this is no great deal, but it is accounted for in my letter of last night.

This afternoon the Dutch made a third sortie, and with no greater success than the two former. The French have constantly 5,000 men under arms awaiting these sorties, and the Dutch, with their 500 or 600 men, stand but a poor chance against these formidable opponents.

Seven o'clock.—The whole of the French works are now completed, and it only requires the command of Marshal Gerard to put the whole of the batteries into play. The works draw nearly on the glacis, and at fort St. Laurent they are within a stone's throw of the walls. There are 11 batteries erected, each mounting eight guns of 18, 24, and 36 pounders. There are also 32 mortars mounted. The French have had almost insurmountable difficulties to overcome in cutting their trenches and erecting their batteries. The rain has been falling in torrents ever since they commenced operations, and the men have been obliged to work with the water in some places two feet deep.

Tuesday, 4th—12 o'clock.—The French opened their batteries on their citadel this morning, at eleven o'clock. The first salute was from 87 pieces. General Chasse instantly returned the fire, and both parties are now actively engaged. The road from Antwerp to Malines was lined this morning, with hundreds of miserable wretches, up to their knees in mud, dragging their sobbing infants in hand-barrows through a pelting rain—women, with tender infants at their breast, falling down from fatigue and hunger—the aged and bed-ridden supported on hurdles! About forty carts, laden with children and women, entered Malines this morning at 9 o'clock.

The fire of the French commenced from the centre battery and Fort Montebello. The first volley took effect on the embrasures of the Lunette St. Laurent.

The greatest fear is entertained that Chasse will fire on Antwerp, in consequence of the French having resolved to avail themselves of Fort Montebello. Yesterday evening, Colonel Buzen and the Regency placarded the streets with handbills, informing the inhabitants that the attack on the citadel would commence at six o'clock this morning. Strangers were informed that if they left the city, they could not return again. The French are close under the Lunette Laurent. The zig-zag reaches to the glacis.

Half past 1 o'clock.—Chasse has not, up to the present hour, fired on the city. Orders have been given to the Belgian batteries along the Scheldt to fire on the Dutch fleet, if it should attempt to mount the Scheldt.

The War with Egypt.—The Augsburg Gazette of the 5th Dec. contains the following intelligence of the 10th ult. from Constantinople:—"The Egyptian army, under Ibrahim Pacha, has, after a pause of nearly two months, resumed its offensive operations. Occupied the defile of Cilicia, and dispersed a corps of Ottoman troops stationed at Erekl. On the 1st instant the Egyptians took possession of Koniah, a town situated about half way from the frontiers of Syria to Constantinople. This news appears to have accelerated the departure of the Grand Vizier, who set out for the army on the 3d inst. The Sultan himself, and all his Ministers, were present at a dinner which was given at Scutari, in honor of the Grand Vizier, previous to his departure. The Turkish fleet returned to the Hellespont on the 5th inst. and is now at anchor near the castles of the Dardanelles. The Egyptian fleet entered the port of Suda on the 25th Oct. On the 7th inst. an English schooner arrived here with part of Hussein Pacha's treasure, that had been carried off from Tarsus by a Greek captain, and recovered by the exertions of the English residents at Napoli di Romania, and the Greek Secretary of State. This treasure, among which is a portrait of the Sultan, richly set with diamonds, is said to be worth one million of piastres."

Price of Potatoes.—Last week several large bodies of peasantry visited different farmers' houses in the county of Louth requiring them to sign a paper engaging to charge no more than a certain rate fixed by those legislators for potatoe land.—Some persons complied with this requisition through fear of the consequences; whilst those who declined were deprived of their labourers.—*Drogheda Journal.*

Giant Rats.—Two of the above species of animals were caught this week in one of the coal-pits belonging to Andrew Knowles Esq. Agecroft, one of which measured from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail nineteen, the other twenty inches.—*Manchester Advertiser.*

The Missionaries.—In relation to the case of these individuals, imprisoned by Georgia, under her act relating to the territory occupied by the Cherokees, we find the following in a late Augusta paper.

Penitentiary, Milledgeville, Jan. 8, 1833.
Charles J. Jenkins, Esq. Attorney General of the State of Georgia.

Sir,—In reference to a notice given to you on the 29th of November last, by our counsel, in our behalf, of our intention to move the Supreme Court of the United States, on the 2nd day of February next, for further process in the cause between ourselves, individually, as plaintiffs in error, and the State of Georgia, as defendant in error; we have now to inform you, that we have forwarded instruction to our counsel, to forbear the intended motion, and prosecute the case no further. We are yours respectfully,

Signed, S. A. WORCESTER,
ELIZUR BUTLER.

CONGRESS.

CONSTITUTIONAL POWERS.

The following are the resolutions offered by Mr. Calhoun (of S. C.) at the close of the debate in the Senate, on the 22d inst. on the Message of the President relating to the attitude assumed by South Carolina.

Resolved, That the people of the several States composing these united United States, are united as parties to a constitutional compact, to which the people of each State acceded as a separate and sovereign community, each binding itself by its own particular ratification; and that the Union, of which the said compact is the bond, is an union between the States ratifying the same.

Resolved, That the people of the several States thus united by the constitutional compact, informing that instrument, and in creating a General Government to carry into effect the objects for which it was formed, delegated to that Government for that purpose, certain definite powers to be exercised jointly, reserving at the same time each State to itself the residuary mass of powers to be exercised by its own separate Government; and that whenever the General Government assumes the exercise of powers not delegated by the compact, its acts are unauthorized, void, and of no effect; and that the said Government is not made the final judge of the powers delegated to it, since that would make its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers, but that, as in all other cases of compact among sovereign parties, without any common judge, each has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infraction, as of the mode and means of redress.

Resolved, That the assertions, that the people of these United States, taken collectively, as individuals, are now or ever have been, united on the principle of the social compact, and as such, are now formed into one nation, or people, or that they have ever been so united, in any one stage of their political existence; that the people of the several States, composing the Union, have not, as members thereof, retained their sovereignty; that the allegiance of their citizens has been transferred to the Government; that they have parted with the right of punishing treason, through their respective State Governments; and that they have not the right of judging in the last resort, as to the extent of powers reserved, and of consequence, of those delegated; are not only without foundation in truth, but are contrary to the most certain and plain historical facts, and the clearest deductions of reason, and that all exercise of power on the part of the General Government, or any of its departments, deriving authority from such erroneous assumptions, must of necessity be unconstitutional; must tend directly and inevitably to subvert the sovereignty of the States; to destroy the federal character of the Union; and to rear on its ruins a consolidated government, without constitutional check, or limitation, and which must necessarily terminate in the loss of liberty itself.

These resolutions being taken up the next day, were, on motion of Mr. Mangum, with the consent of the original mover, postponed until Monday the 28th. Mr. Grundy, (of Tenn.) then moved the following resolutions as a substitute, which were in like manner ordered for consideration on Monday.

Resolved, That by the Constitution of the United States, certain powers are delegated to the General Government, and those not delegated nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively or to the People.

Resolved, That one of the powers expressly granted by the Constitution to the General Government, and prohibited to the States, is that of laying on imports.

Resolved, That the power to lay imposts is by the the Constitution wholly transferred from the State authorities to the General Government without any reservation of power or the right on the part of the State.

Resolved, That the Tariff Laws of 1828 and 1832, are exercises of the constitutional power possessed by the Congress of the United States, whatever various opinions may exist as to their policy and justice.

Resolved, That an attempt on the part of a State to annul an act of Congress passed upon any subject exclusively confided by the Constitution to Congress, is an encroachment on the rights of the General Government.

Resolved, That attempts to obstruct or prevent the execution of the several acts of Congress imposing duties on imports, whether by Ordinances of Conventions or Legislative enactments, are not warranted by the Constitution, and are dangerous to the political institutions of the country.

On the 24th, Mr. Clayton, (of Del.) after some remarks assigning the grounds of his objection to the language of Mr. Grundy's resolutions, offered the following, which he said he should move as a substitute for a part of those resolves when they came before the Senate:

Resolved, That the power to amend the several acts of Congress imposing duties on imports or any other law of the United States, when assumed by a single State, is "incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed," that the people of these United States are for the purpose enumerated in their Constitution one People and a single Nation, having delegated full power to their common agents to preserve and defend their national interests for the purpose of attaining the great end of all government, the safety and happiness

of the governed; that while the Constitution does provide for the interest and safety of all the States, it does not secure all the rights of independent sovereignty to any; that the allegiance of the people is rightfully due as it has been freely given to the General Government, to the extent of all the sovereign power expressly ceded to that government by the Constitution; that the Supreme Court of the United States is the proper and only tribunal in the last resort for the decision of all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made under their authority; that resistance to the laws founded on the inherent and inalienable right of all men to resist oppression is in its nature revolutionary and extra-constitutional—and that entertaining these views, the Senate of the United States, while willing to concede every thing to any honest difference of opinion which can be yielded consistently with the honor and interest of the nation, will not fail in the faithful discharge of its most solemn duty to support the Executive in the just administration of the Government, and clothe it with all constitutional power necessary to the faithful execution of the laws and the preservation of the Union.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 21st, Mr. James C. Bates, merchant of this town, to Miss Maria Shields, of Whitehaven, Eng. On the 21st, Mr. Wm. Hunter, to Mrs. A. Harper. On the 21st, Mr. Wm. A. Budd, to Miss M. H. Manley. On the 21st, Mr. Silas Ludlam, to Miss E. F. Clem. On the 21st, Mr. E. H. Bourne, to Miss Phoebe Eliza Brantingham. On the 21st, Mr. Isaac H. Allen, of Poughkeepsie, to Miss Susan Haigh. On the 22d, Mr. Alvan Smith, of Bedford, Westchester County, to Miss Hannah Marshall, of Stamford, Ct. On the 23d, Mr. Charles Smith, to Miss Aletta P. Levenich, of Hurlgate, L.I. On the 24th, Mr. E. F. Sanderson, to Miss Julia Carow. On the 24th, Mr. H. T. Cole, to Miss Jane Williamson. On the 24th, Mr. Barzilai Sossen, to Miss Margaret Lawrence. On the 25th, Mr. Simon Parsons, of Boston, to Miss Nancy Pitts, of this city. On the 25th, Mr. Wm. H. Prichard, to Miss Rebecca Tilden, daughter of James Phillips, Esq., of Boston.

DIED.

In this city, on the 23d, Laurent Salles, Esq., aged 62. On the 23d, Mrs. Mary Ann Olsen, aged 52. On the 24th, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, aged 45. On the 24th, Mrs. Bridget Conroy. On the 24th, Mrs. Ann Graf, aged 84. On the 24th, Mrs. Margaret McLaughly, aged 27. On the 24th, Mr. Major Bailey, Inspector of Customs for this port, aged 45 years. His death was occasioned by accidentally falling into the hold of the brig Evelina, about 4 months since, while in the discharge of his duty. On the 25th, Mr. E. L. Enbree, aged 42. On the 25th, Capt. White Matlack, aged 56. On the 26th, Mr. Humphrey Hopper, aged 51. On the 26th, Winfred Scott, son of Dr. Yates, aged 18. On the 26th, Mrs. Elsie W. Ackerman, aged 34. On the 26th, Mrs. Charity Numan, aged 55. On the 29th, Dr. John R. B. Rodgers, aged 76. On the 29th, Mr. Wm. Ushoff, aged 32. At Kip's Bay, on the 25th, Mr. Samuel Kip, aged 62. At Boston, on the 19th, Mr. Chas. Rollinson, engraver, of this city. At Philadelphia, on the 19th, Mrs. M. Wadman, ag. 102. At New Orleans, on the 31st December, of the cholera, Captain Benjamin Morgan, of Boston, late of New York, aged 36. At Cohourg, U.C., Mrs. Hannah, wife of James Radcliffe, Esq., editor of "The Reformer" newspaper. At Point Petre, on the 1st Dec., of yellow fever, the celebrated English Equestrian, Master Wm. Blanchard, son of Mr. Wm. Blanchard, late Manager of the Chatham Amphitheatre, after an illness of only six hours.

HURLEYS—(106 Broadway.)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 2, for 1833:—14 59 53 35 9 5 44 12 63 37.

I have again sold in the above, Prizes of \$1000, \$500, \$400, \$300, \$200, and several of \$100, &c.—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of \$20,000, 2 of \$10,000, 5 of \$5,000, 2 of \$3,250, 5 of \$2,500, 2 of \$2,270, 6 of \$2,000, 5 of \$1,500, 4 of \$1,250, and upwards of 120 of \$1,000 each, &c.

Next Wednesday, Feb. 6, will be drawn, New York Consolidated Lottery, Class No. 3 for 1833: 66 numbers—10 drawn balls. Capital Prizes, \$30,000, 20,000, 5,000, 5,000, 2,454, 20 of 1,000, 20 of 500, 20 of 300, 20 of 200, 35 of 150, 56 of 100. Lowest Prize, \$12. Tickets only \$10, shares in proportion.

On Wednesday, Feb. 13, will be drawn, New York Consolidated Lottery, Ex. Class No. 3 for 1833: 66 numbers—10 drawn balls. Capital Prizes, \$20,000, 5,000, 2,000, 1,500, 1,372, 5 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 10 of 300, 10 of 200, 24 of 150, 56 of 100. Lowest Prize, \$6. Tickets only \$5, shares in proportion. For sale at HURLEY'S Fortune Office, 106 Broadway, corner of Pine street.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Uncurrent money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold. January 31, 1833. c3m

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY, OLD ESTABLISHMENT, NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his established Stores, No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALON STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture GLAZ'D and Oiled SILKS, of superior quality; GLAZ'D MUSLIN and Oiled LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice. N. B. All orders punctually attended to. June 13—city.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

AT RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—By SAM'L S. ST. JOHN, A. B. TERMS.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, \$20 per quarter; over 12, \$25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationary.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25 and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References.—The Faculty of Columbia College, Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D. Rev. William A. Clark, D.D. Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S. C. & S. LYNES, 256 Pearl street. c3m ins. Jan. 5, 1833.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS, WHO DESIRE A NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE.

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of 170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 30 cents to 40 dollars per dozen. LOOK FOR BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers, 71 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John T. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days: From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock A.M.; and from New York Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required. The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York. ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12 1/2 cents. The low pressure steamboat John Jay, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5 1/2 A.M., 10 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 A.M., 11 A.M., 3 P.M., and 7 1/2 P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 9 A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4 A.M., 9 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6 A.M., 10 1/2 A.M., 3 P.M., and 6 P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdick's, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail, 1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June. 1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct. 1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage. Cabin, \$100; second cabin, \$50; steerage, \$25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to E. MACOMBER, 164 Maiden lane, near South st. N. York may 9. c&i.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D.

By Luke Davies, at his old established U. S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. June 23—ci.

SPIKE BITTERS.—These Bitters have been long celebrated for their peculiar virtue, in fortifying and strengthening the stomach; they procure an appetite and help digestion, sweeten and purify the blood, remove obstructions, and are found very useful in removing the jaundice; they produce a sweetness of the breath, removing all scorbutic and unsavoury belching, and are a great preventive against fever and agues. They are useful in all seasons of the year, but more particularly so in the Spring, by bracing the fibres, and preventing that disagreeable listlessness and weakness arising to frequently from relaxation on the approach of warm weather.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by NATHAN B. GRAHAM, 38 Cedar, corner of William street. j26c

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the nearest possible manufacture, for sale by

BUSSING & Co., 704 William street, (next door to Cohen's, 71.) d22

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kisson, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. June 6—c6m.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum piles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torment of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, septic; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these Drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the savans of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed. JONATHAN DODGE, No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.